TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1521.

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JOHN BULL

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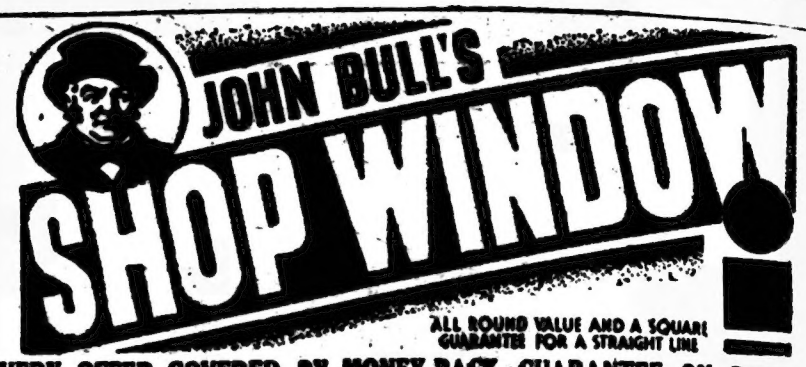

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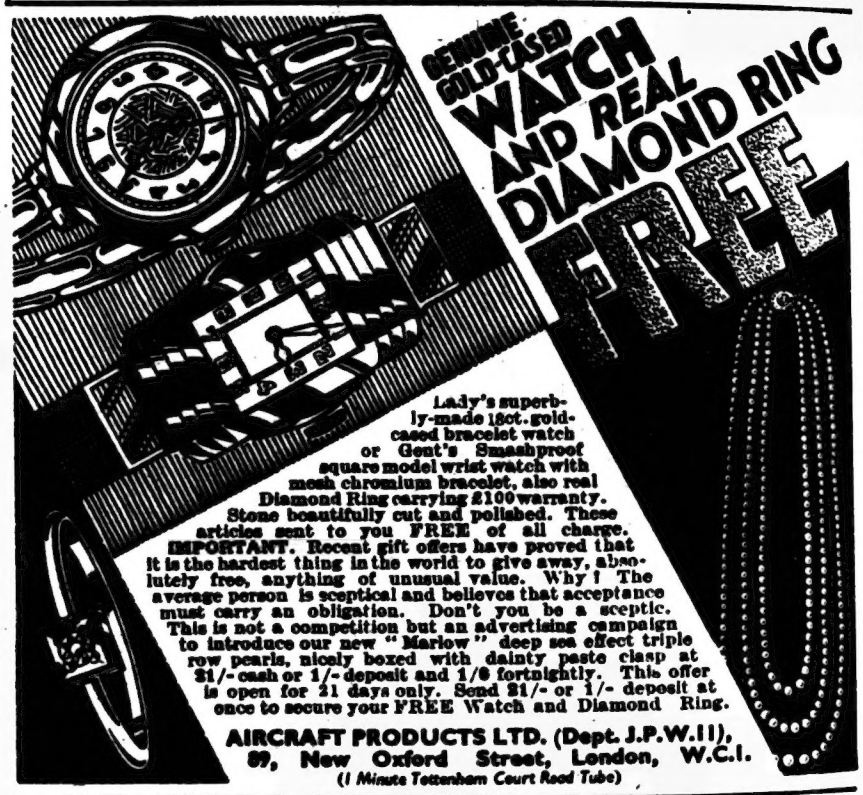

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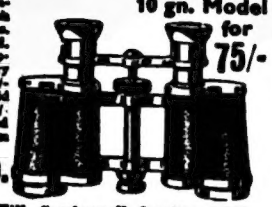

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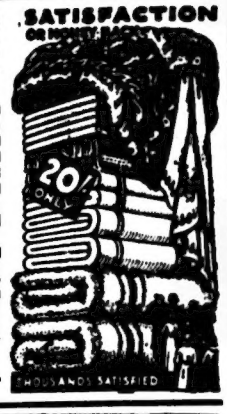

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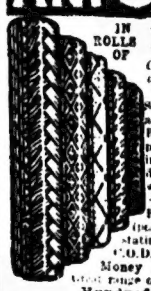

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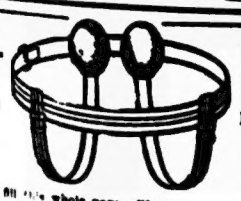

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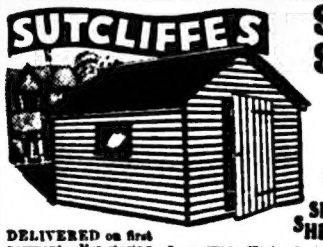

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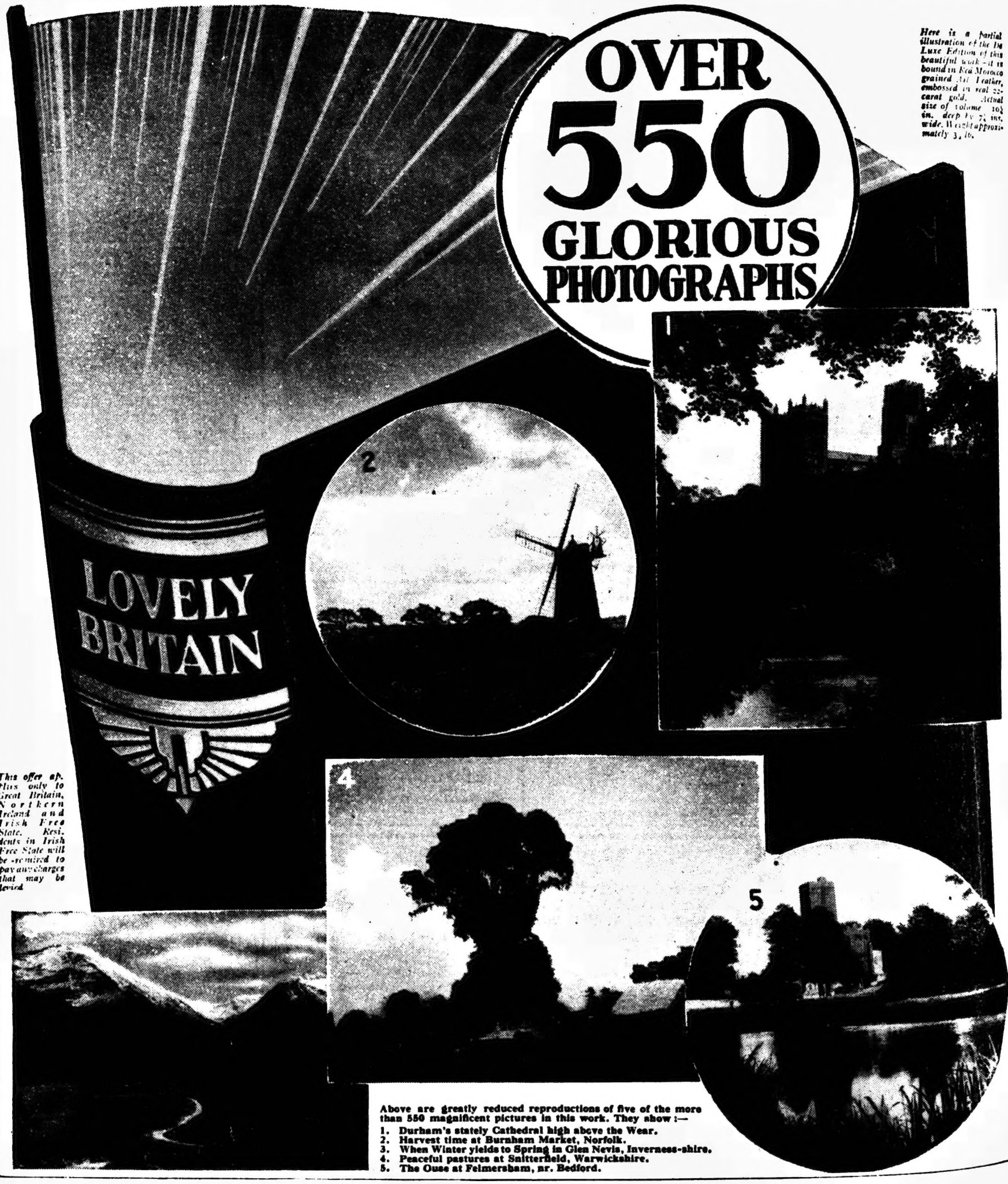

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Without Fear or Favour

Poison Gas and YOU

THE Government, evidently anticipating that in the near future enemy aeroplanes may bomb our cities and drench our streets with poison gas, has begun to issue a series of six pamphlets on Air Raid precautions, intended to teach citizens how to protect themselves from a ghastly end.

Whether these books, sold at 6d. a time, are intended to reassure the citizens we do not know. But to us they are a source of alarm.

For it is obvious to anyone who knows the exact state of affairs that there cannot be any real protection from enemy poison gas, once it is let loose on a civilian population.

Handbooks such as the Home Office is issuing merely lull people into a state of false security.

Now let us have some sober truths. To begin with, military experts all over the world are agreed that in any future war attack would be by air; there is no real defence against attack by air; gas would be used to an extent hitherto unheard of.

"Air-spray attacks from a height may be delivered by the enemy at such a distance from the target that the aircraft concerned can neither be seen nor heard," is a statement in "Tactical Notes on Defence Against Gas," recently issued by the War Office.

Let us look into this matter of poison gases, and discover what is meant by "spray."

There are four main types.

Blister gas, or "vesicants," produce inflammation and blistering of the skin, acute inflammation of the eyes and respiratory passages.

Nose gas, or "sensory irritants," give rise to intense burning and aching pain in the eyes, nose, throat and chest, with nausea and extreme mental depression.

Choking gas, or "lung irritants," attack the respiratory passages and lungs, causing death by asphyxia.

☆ ★ ☆

Tear gas, or "lachrymators," cause such intense irritation of the eyes that the victim is temporarily blinded. Administered more strongly, they act in the same way as choking gas.

Of these four groupings, blister gas —such as mustard and lewisite—are the most disastrous in their effects. They attack every part of the body, both the liquid and the vapour given off are harmful, and they are "persistent."

During the war a liquid gas made from picric acid and chlorine, and called chloropicrin, was discovered.

The vapour is more dangerous to life than ordinary chlorine, and there are few substances which can dissolve or neutralise it.

Chloropicrin has been described by one military expert as possessed of a number of desirable offensive properties."

"On penetrating the mask, it produced an intolerable irritation of the eyes, as well as coughing and vomiting; so that even when the masks were in position the enemy would be compelled to remove them and expose himself to the full toxic property of the gas, as well as to the phosgene which it was intended to release at the same time. . . ."

This brings us, then, to phosgene, the supremely efficient agent of destruction. It can be made quite simply, and is fatal when only 25 parts of it are released to a million parts of air.

It is actually possible to be poisoned with a fatal dose of phosgene without realising the fact until too late.

Tear gas was used in the war, but its effectiveness was not highly esteemed since it did not kill. The arsenic group of gases—nose, or sneezing type—are far more efficient. They can be made in the form of fine powder, which, floating on the air, penetrate the smallest openings *even in a gas mask*.

Here is another reason for using two forms of gas, one after the other. The sneezing gas is released and its particles seek out every hiding place, working their way through tiny cracks and crevices and driving the unfortunate victims out into "open air."

A respirator can swiftly be rendered useless by means of sneezing gas. It is taken off—and along comes the second attack with its likelihood of asphyxiation by more lethal gas.

The real terror of terrors, though, is mustard gas. It is a liquid which can be sprayed from the air in such a way as to contaminate large areas for long periods.

The gas which rises from the places where the liquid has fallen attacks the whole body, penetrates almost everywhere, has only a slight odour, and therefore works insidiously. Its effects begin to show after some time, and then increase rapidly and run through the whole gamut of human suffering. Death from mustard gas is slow, and, to write with reserve, terribly painful.

Finally, we may consider briefly the filthy stuff known as lewisite, after the name of its discoverer. It has been called "Geranium Death" because the gas smells of geraniums. In its general effects it is very similar to mustard gas.

Homo Sapiens, indeed!

☆ ★ ☆

With this brief review of the dreadful possibilities of gas, it is easy to appreciate the sheer futility of the "air raid precautions" which are urged upon us.

"Keep a gas mask handy," says the Government pamphlet No. 1.

Yes; but how many gas masks is each individual to have? One won't be enough. A gas mask that is useful against one type of gas is useless against another. And how shall we know what gas is going to be released? Also everybody would have to be covered in special clothing as completely as in a diving suit. Then it would be necessary for man, woman and child to have access to some kind of shelter in which the atmosphere was filtered and "conditioned," and which was proof against high explosive and incendiary bombs.

It has actually been estimated that the cost per head of the population to build reasonably efficient air-raid shelters where people could take cover for long periods, would work out at rather more than £30. Quite clearly, then, they are out of the question.

Without all of these none of us would stand the slightest chance of surviving a real air gas attack.

The use of poison gas in war is forbidden by the Geneva Gas Protocol of 1925, yet all the Great Powers have been pushing on with research.

What a prospect this presents for the future of mankind! Man, the lord of creation, quivering in fear beneath the deadly skies, and wondering which of his six gas masks he shall put on.

Homo Sapiens, indeed! What an irony!

And so it will be until Homo Sapiens really becomes a man of wisdom and realises that the only defence against gas is the prevention of war.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Sir Kingsley Going After Jerry

Pension Blunders Alarm M.P.s

Sick Man's 80-Mile Ordeal

SINCE JOHN BULL opened the offensive against Jerry there has been considerable activity on the newspaper front.

Our series of articles dealing with the rotten houses being rushed up all over the country, and the "JOHN BULL debate" which followed in the House of Lords, enabled the Press to discover the fact that large numbers of house purchasers are being grossly swindled. And the Press has launched a campaign of its own which we cordially welcome.

Still more gratifying is the sudden interest displayed by the Ministry of Health.

On the warpath

For that we must thank the new Minister, Sir Kingsley Wood. His alertness is a refreshing change to the somnolence of his predecessor.

We are assured he is giving close attention to the rapidly growing scandal of jerry-built houses. And one of the schemes he is considering is that proposed by the National Federation of Building Trade Employers.

It suggests the keeping of a register which would include only builders whose work had been found satisfactory, and who would agree to put right—free of cost—any defects in a house which appeared within six months.

Good—but not enough

Now that, though good, is not good enough.

Rest assured that it will not keep out Jerry, who will be beaten only by offensive rather than defensive measures.

Much better is the employers' proposal that legal standard specifications for houses should be laid down, and about this Sir Kingsley's attitude is unsatisfactory.

For, when the leaders of the building trade workers made the same suggestion to him, he received it coldly.

Stone to lay

Yet such a measure would surely be the easiest and most effective way of combating Jerry and protecting the house buyer. True, it would mean a little work for the Government instead of leaving it to the good offices of the reputable builders.

But Sir Kingsley showed, when he was Postmaster-General, that he was not afraid of work or new ideas.

He has already climbed a few steps up the Better Building ladder. We hope he climbs a few more without delay.

New pension blunders

We don't wonder M.P.s are becoming apprehensive about the way the Pensions Ministry is treating ex-Service men.

Mr. Maurice Petherick has quoted the case of a man from whose head came a piece of shrapnel after his application for pension was refused. Another M.P. tells of a man with shrapnel in his lung, and unable to work, who gets only 8s. a week.

Mr. Tom Groves reports a Stratford case where a man lost his reason through war sufferings and died, yet his widow was refused a pension.

Rejected

There is grave dissatisfaction with the findings of medical boards, but the new Minister has turned down a proposal that a jury of citizens should decide in cases where rival medical experts disagree.

We find it unforgivable that the Government Department which should be the most merciful is the most merciless.

Dogs v. men

Pavlov, the great Russian brain specialist, now in London, has been talking of his experiments on dogs. "I can do many things with them," he says, "but to make a dog as mad as a human being—that is something yet to achieve."

Well, we hope he doesn't succeed. We're sure he will never make a dog as mad *and* bad as some humans.

Sir Kingsley Wood has started up the Better Building ladder. Will he climb to the top?

Insult to injury

Consider the workings of the official mind in Stockton-on-Tees.

A woman applied for the "dole." It was refused because she had lost her job through irregular conduct—in other words, because she had joined a trade union!

She appealed to the Court of Referees. The Court also turned her down. Now a higher authority has reversed that particular administrative "law." But the maddest part is that the poor woman is still jobless, and there are still many employers like those who sacked her.

Undercutting

About as objectionable is the official booklet given to officers pensioned off from the Indian Army. They are advised to take jobs in Britain and elsewhere at lower salaries than non-pensioned civilians can afford to accept.

If undercutting is mad and bad, even worse is the officialdom which encourages it.

Sugar madness

Nor may we look to Mr. Walter Elliot for courageous sanity.

By his decision to hand over £6,000,000 each year to the sugar beet industry, which an official committee declares to have no prospects of ever becoming self-supporting, he is plainly surrendering to vested interests.

The amalgamation of the beet companies is hardly a consolation for so foolish a waste of the taxpayer's money.

Familiar story

Let us descend to the other end of the financial scale. There is Henry George Pitt, aged 23, of South London, whose case is by no means unusual.

Arrested for stealing money from a gas meter, he declared: "I am not going to sit and see my wife and baby starve."

In court, his wife said that he was out at six every morning looking for work, while the prisoner himself remarked: "I would like to thank Detective Harvey. When he came to arrest me my wife told him she had no money to buy the baby's food with, and he gave her 2s. out of his own pocket."

His chance

The magistrate said he would give Pitt another chance, and remanded him for three months.

But the magistrate was wrong. It is Pitt who will be giving our crazy civilisation another chance.

Strange

Incidentally, a reader thinks it mad that electricity and gas companies make you pay rent for the meters they put in your home to record your debt to them.

Still stranger, in our opinion, is the demand of many electricity companies for a deposit of £3 or so before they will condescend to supply you with too-dear current—a deposit that remains in their funds for as long as you deal with them.

Impudence

It would be about as reasonable—or as infernally impudent—for the milkman to charge a premium for the privilege of serving you.

We are familiar with the companies' whine: "Ah, but it costs us money to lay electricity wires to a house." It also costs the dairyman money to buy milk bottles and deliver them.

Sick man's ordeal

The other day a Leamington Spa man came eighty-seven miles to London and, though tired and ill after six weeks' influenza, had to sleep out—just to say that he was willing to pay a debt of little more than a pound.

In allowing him 10s. from the poor-box to help him back home, Mr. Registrar Friend was living up to his name.

But why should poor people be sued so far from their homes?

Greed

Another question arises from the increasing exploitation of motorists by local authorities.

Latest example: Barnsley Council contemplates charging a parking fee of sixpence to farmers who go to do business at the cattle market. Why discourage people who want to buy to the advantage of the community?

The Fragrant Minute.

THE LOST BATTLE

WHEN there's a battle to be won, oh! do not sulk and do not pout. Something more drastic must be done. There's a foe to put to rout. I had a friend; she had to fight; I watched her send a henchman out. I heard her say "Use all your might and give the foe a goodly clout."

The henchman walked on limping feet (I wondered if it could be gout)! I feared that he would meet defeat, he was not warrior-like or stout. I was depressed at sight of him, in fact he seemed a lazy lout. So diffident and slow of limb, he could not even raise a shout.

Said I, "Who's this you've chosen, friend, to bring your victory about? Of what avail for you to send a man whom everyone will flout?" My friend's face bore a blush of shame, and then the horrid truth came out, "I hardly like to tell his name, for, foolishly, I've chosen Doubt"!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

This really happened

And we must tell you about a collision on a Lincoln road between a car and a cycle. The latter was on the wrong side of the road, but the cyclist insisted that she was on the right side because the bell was on the right side of her handlebars—and she thought that was the law!

The cyclist was a woman of thirty-nine. Yet recent attempts to educate the public on traffic matters have been stigmatised as a waste of the taxpayers' money!

Craze rule

Lack of co-operation between fire fighting services of many rural areas is rapidly undermining the chivalrous traditions of a noble calling.

A Northumberland garage proprietor is the latest victim of the crazy rule that, regardless of consequences, firemen must not attend fires outside their own areas. He was compelled to watch his premises burn to the ground after three neighbouring brigades had refused their services, though offered payment for them.

It almost looks as if human life will have to be sacrificed before this dangerous and discreditable tomfoolery is ended.

Dangerous delay

A woman has died in a London hospital following a septic throat. Taken there on the advice of a specialist, it is said that she had to wait four hours before receiving any treatment.

"One of the greatest criticisms of London hospitals is that anyone who is not an emergency case is apt to be kept waiting for some time," commented the deputy coroner.

That is a point we have been stressing in our series of hospital exposures, and one which cannot be emphasised too often.

Important reforms

But one piece of reform is to be carried out in the twelve L.C.C. hospitals which take vital cases. After October 12, probationer nurses will no longer have to do routine and cleaning work, and will thus have more time to learn their real duties.

Moreover, nurses are to have a fifty-four-hour week.

Hospitals everywhere should follow this lead. And let them remember that while nurses' hours are too long, nurses' pay is too short.

Underpaid, overworked

As for our attack on certain twopenny libraries for underpaying and overworking their assistants, Lord Iddesleigh has moved a resolution in the House of Lords for new legislation to control the hours of these workers.

Twelve and fifteen hours a day are common; some staffs have to work on Sundays as well.

Surely M.P.s might work an hour or so longer to remedy this evil!

Gretna's temptation

Lord Pitman, dealing with a case of a Gretna Green marriage, has granted a decree to prevent the man claiming to be the girl's husband.

We have often criticised the laxity in the Scottish marriage law and we repeat that the Gretna ceremony should be outlawed.

To leave such a temptation to the young and foolish is asking for trouble.

More shooting

And again in the news is the air pistol. A fifteen-year-old boy at Birmingham has shot his playmate, not knowing the "toy" was loaded.

Shall we never see these dangerous weapons taken out of the children's hands?

by
JACK
HYLTON
the famous dance band conductor

Music I'd give the SEASIDE

THERE is life and laughter at the seaside. Hundreds of thousands of people are there, will be there on any one day until the summer of 1935 is over.

The great human quest for health and happiness is in full swing.

Now it is important to remember why they have gone there at an expenditure of time and money, because there are people concerned with the entertainment of them who, I am very much afraid, are inclined to forget.

If they are ill, or jaded, or beaten by the pressure of life that weighs on most people for fifty weeks out of every fifty-two, they have gone there to be made well. The others have merely gone there to be made merry and bright, which is quite a worthy aim. What they have *not* gone there for is education.

Here, then, are the reasons why they go rushing to the seaside for their annual holidays. It is interesting to ask whether our resorts are giving them what they seek.

On an aspect of it on which I think I am able to speak—music—I can answer with an emphatic "Not always."

Every year, at coastal resorts throughout Britain, bands are engaged by local corporations to entertain these seekers after health throughout the season—part of the general scheme which does on the whole, in my opinion, make our holiday resorts the best in the world.

Although during the past few years there has been a tendency on the part of our more go-ahead corporations to engage "better and brighter" bands, although to some extent old ideas have been dropped and we now have seaside bands capable of playing their way through an excellent, well-varied programme of "straight" music, a lot of our seaside visitors have every right to say that they are not getting the music of health they want.

You may have seen them round the bandstand, looking bored and listless, listening to programmes that never seem to change and seem to consist of the same old slightly frayed and over-familiar gems from "the Classics."

Let me give you a case in point.

There is one seaside resort which invariably finds itself at the end of each season with a big financial deficiency on its musical ventures—as much as £5,000 in a season.

Its municipal orchestra, consisting of thirty-one musicians, gave symphony concerts throughout the entire season.

No light music was ever introduced into their programmes.

It is true that artists were occasionally brought down from London to play with the orchestra, but, even so, there was often not a penny more than five pounds in "the house," so that—quite apart from the cost of the resident orchestra and the rest of the staff—the evening's entertainment began with a loss.

Contrast this with the experience of resorts that have not been afraid to introduce weekly dances—and, after all, what is wrong with allowing people who want to dance to the band do so if they wish instead of sitting through dance-compelling music.

One manager of my acquaintance engaged such an orchestra.

In the afternoons they gave classical recitals, which undoubtedly have their public. On Wednesday and Saturday nights they played for dancing. On Monday, Thursday and Friday evenings they accompanied community singing—real health music—which incidentally attracted crowds of three to four thousand people.

Result: a profitable venture.

I am not suggesting that all coastal resorts should engage dance bands. I *am* suggesting that they should see if their houses are in order. To begin with, is it wise for them to engage municipal orchestras for seasons at a time?

Why not engage orchestras on the same basis as dance bands that come for a night or a week *on percentage*? That is the way to improve the standard of musical entertainment at the seaside, to give people the variety that cheers and braces.

Create touring municipal orchestras with well-known conductors at their heads. Only the best musicians will get the jobs, but the jobs will be worth having.

Sir Landon Ronald recently told a conference of seaside experts at Buxton that many seaside town councillors were apt to look on music as "one of the most expensive of objectional noises."

The fault is their own. The right music brings in the public. It always has and always will.

Now what exactly should we give the crowd round the bandstand? It must be bright stuff, cheerful, varied, entertaining. It must not be highbrow. It must be aimed at people, great holiday-making crowds of them, who are out for a good time, fun, excitement.

It must be designed with a view to pleasing the younger generation, for they will bring the older people along, never fear. It must have light, vitality, colour. And—a big "AND" this—it must have showmanship.

More than once my band and I have been criticised strongly for our comedy singing and dancing; for our effects; in short, for our showmanship.

Picture the average man-in-the-street entering a pavilion on the seafront to attend a concert. What does he see, all too often? Twenty or thirty musicians perched on wooden chairs in a depressing atmosphere of grey wood or glass windows through which the wind often howls dismally.

I am not suggesting that those bandsmen should learn to croon or wear funny hats.

I do say that there should be some inducement for visitors to return, which one rarely gets unless the orchestra be a particularly fine one with a famous conductor at its head.

Seat that orchestra on up-to-date rostrums such as most well-known stage bands carry, in a stage that is well lit and has a proper proscenium, and the effects would be entirely different.

But what about classical music, you might ask? I say that classical music lends itself equally as well to lighting effects such as are employed by bands like mine. Beautiful music demands beauty of atmosphere. Why should expression of thought as embodied by the great compositions be given rein only in dull atmosphere? It is all wrong.

I agree that many conductors refuse to allow local entertainments managers to make these improvements. They say it will spoil the acoustics, which is mere pigheadedness.

What is wrong with our seaside music I can tell in very few words.

Our military and other brass bands that complain they are not so often booked nowadays, and lay the blame on Jazz or on public taste, might well realise that they themselves are to blame.

Besides being responsible for some of the mistakes I have enumerated, they are still playing, in the main, the programmes they played twenty years ago. The public is growing tired of their sameness.

Then I repeat that what the holiday-maker wants, as he sits enjoying the sun and taking in the air, is more of the music of health. He has gone to the sea to be braced, and music can help considerably.

Then there is music's twin sister, dancing. Let us have that in the open air, whenever possible. Then young and old alike will benefit from this enjoyable exercise under the healthiest of all conditions.

It is done widely on the Continent, and at certain British resorts as well, with great success. But there is one word of advice. . . .

The dancing facilities must be modern and completely up to date both from the dancers' and spectators' points of view. Otherwise it will be a case of throwing money away.

Finally, the corporations themselves must help. Many pavilions and concert halls at British resorts are sadly out of date, uncomfortable and more often than not very draughty.

Offer the public the comfort you can get in kinemas, large and small, in any town in the British Isles, give attractive programmes of dance, concert and symphonic music by well-known bands and orchestras, suitably presented, encourage healthy dancing—and the financial results will take care of themselves.

THE Blackmailer

A CORONER and his nine jurymen sat in the coffee-room of an English country inn a few days ago investigating the death of a neighbour.

All that was said in evidence regarding the reason for the man having taken his life, as he had done, was that he had been worried by "matrimonial trouble and a divorce case."

Strictly, there was no reason for more to be told to justify the verdict as to the cause of death. Everyone present at the inquest knew the full story behind the tragedy. There was mutual desire that as little as possible should be revealed to lessen publicity. The dead man had been highly respected, and the events that led to his death were sad and cruel.

In this case, however, the suppression of the facts was a disservice to the public. If they had been made known there would have been deep and general sympathy for the victim. But what is more important is that attention would have been focused upon the worst evil of the English divorce system.

Ruthless

In giving the information that was withheld, JOHN BULL seeks to respect the wish that nothing will be told which would identify the man concerned, or the other actors in the drama that was played out to his death.

He had been compelled to endure an agony that was needless, ruthless and socially immoral. Many other people are in the throes of that agony, and their torture will not end until the public understands and demands the expurgation of a vicious law that creates and condones such suffering.

Years ago the man who committed suicide was the respondent in a divorce suit following a most unhappy marriage. It was believed among his closest friends that he behaved chivalrously, if not with legal correctness, by "providing evidence" for his wife when he became aware that she was anxious to form a fresh alliance. Be that as it may, she obtained a decree nisi without any difficulty in an undefended action, and a generous deed of alimony was made in her favour.

Grotesque law

It is the law of England that a divorce is not complete until a decree absolute is pronounced, and this cannot be granted, except in a few special cases, until six months after the date of the decree nisi.

Moreover, the law is so grotesquely framed that only the petitioner who obtained the decree nisi can apply for the decree absolute. If he or she does not move to do so, even the Divorce Court is powerless to act, no matter what amount of hardship or mischief is being caused to other parties.

It will be seen, therefore, that the possessor of a decree nisi has a grip of the deadliest weapon the law can fashion. It can be wielded without mercy for sinister purposes, and there is no method by which the improper use of it can be checked because, so long as the person to whom it was granted remains chaste, a decree nisi cannot be rescinded.

When the statutory period of six months had elapsed in the case of the man who is now dead, he expected that his wife would automatically ask for the decree to be made absolute without further delay so that she could remarry. More months passed without any sign from her that she intended to seek the final decree, and when he made enquiries it was to learn that she was determined not to proceed.

The plans for her second marriage had fallen through. Also she had learned that her husband was in love with another woman, and that he had arranged to marry her when his wife made formal application for the decree absolute and gave him full freedom.

Her disappointment at the non-fulfilment of her own new matrimonial hopes found expression in savage vindictiveness against her husband by denying herself and him the freedom which she, in the first instance, had asked the Divorce Court to confer on them.

Appeal after appeal was made to the wife to take the simple steps open to her to end the state of half-divorce in which she and her husband were living. Embittered and revengeful, she scorned every approach. Her friends who became aware of the truth ostracised her. Her solicitor was so disgusted that he intimated he would cease to act for her. All was in vain. Her heart had turned to granite.

The husband offered to increase her alimony allowance in the hope that it would induce her to act with reasonableness and justice. He did so twice. On each occasion she accepted the offer, but still she was adamant.

Time went on, and it became always clearer that she would never be persuaded to have her divorce made absolute.

The woman whom the husband was to marry when he was free had been staunchly loyal. But the stage was reached when it was seen to be useless to wait longer. She withdrew the promise of marriage which his semi-divorced wife and the law would not allow her to keep. His future wrecked, he gave way to despair.

The inquest at the country inn the other day was the consequence.

There are many worse cases than this one—cases in which the motive is not jealousy and vindictiveness, but blackmail of the most fiendish kind, and in which the victims are suffering worse than death.

Every divorce lawyer has grim secrets of the kind in his files. He cannot intervene to stop the process of blackmail. The law allows it to continue. Twice in recent years the House of Lords has passed a Bill for reform of the divorce system because judges, the legal advisers of the Crown, and public opinion demand changes in the law.

M.P.s' fear

The legislation approved by the House of Lords would have done much to draw the sting of the blackmailers who prosper in the grisly traffic of buying and selling the decrees of the Divorce Court. Each time the Bill came before the House of Commons it was torpedoed—talked out by M.P.s who dreaded to offend some bigots in their constituencies.

The House of Commons was both cowardly and misguided. It pretended to be respecting the religious scruples of a large section of the community. It was, in fact, only conciliating a minority of noisy cranks. No religious body, however unsympathetic to the principle of divorce, would seek to perpetuate a legal system which openly fosters the worst of all social crimes.

The form of blackmail practised by women who obtain decrees nisi is not always even subtle. Generally, they levy toll by refusing to sign the application for a decree absolute until they can extract an order or deed of alimony far in excess of the amount to which they are entitled. When the husband resists, they merely become obstructive by declaring that his statements of income are false. Again and again the husband is required to produce detailed accounts showing exactly what his business transactions and income have been over a period of years. Fresh objections are manufactured each time so that he is tormented and tortured into paying the price at which his wife is prepared to sell the final decree of the Divorce Court.

But often the method employed is far blunter, especially when the wife is aware that, as soon as the decree absolute is made, the husband intends to remarry, possibly to give his name to a child still unborn.

The wife obtains her decree nisi, but the man little suspects the evil weapon the law has placed in her hands. If she uses it, he is doomed to misery until he pays her price

WIFE Levying Toll on the Divorced Husband

substantial lump sum is then demanded. If it is refused the husband remains a legal prisoner, and his marriage to another woman made impossible. Although a divorce decree nisi has been granted, the parties are still man and wife in the eyes of the law.

It is, of course, also possible for the divorce system to be similarly exploited by a husband who obtains a decree nisi. But only one case of a man having held his wife to ransom has been known in twenty years.

His wife had also been his partner in a business which collapsed in ruin when the divorce proceedings began and she withdrew her portion of the capital. She was anxious that the decree absolute should be expedited so that she could marry the man who had been the co-respondent in the suit, and that a child she was to bear might be born in wedlock.

The husband consented to complete the divorce only when he was made a payment of £10,000 by the co-respondent. The price was paid. It was represented to the lawyers to be solatium for loss of business. It was, in truth, a blackmail exaction of the most brazen kind. A divorce decree had been bought and sold like a pound of tea.

Even in cases where there is no attempt at blackmail, or the person who has been given a decree nisi is not actuated by spite and recrimination, the consequences of the bad law can also be incredibly severe.

A man in business in a Yorkshire town married a woman without being aware that there was a long history of insanity in her family, and that she, in her 'teens, had spent some years in a mental institution. Her violence and general conduct became such that he could no longer live with her. He could, of course, have taken steps to have had her certified and detained, but he did not do so at the behest of her relatives. Instead, he made adequate provision for her and left home.

In time he began an association with another woman, and his wife revealed sufficient sanity to obtain a decree nisi and a deed of permanent maintenance.

No hope

But before the six months expired, when the decree would have been made absolute on her application, her mental state became worse, and she had to be placed in an asylum. Her condition is such that there is no hope that she will ever be able to leave the institution. And as she is insane, she is legally regarded as non-volitional and incapable of seeking a decree absolute.

So the husband, who was deceived in his marriage in the first instance, must remain chained for life to an incurable lunatic, from whom he is already half-divorced.

The blackmail perpetrated so outrageously and freely under the virtual protection of the law and the numerous other hardships that occur can be effectively ended by only one course of action. It is to follow the system, in force in Scotland and most other countries, by which divorce is granted by one decree, and there is no period of waiting or necessity for that decree to be confirmed.

The minimum period of six months between the decree nisi and the decree absolute is enforced in England solely for the purpose of allowing the King's Proctor an opportunity to ascertain whether or not there has been collusion, and whether the petitioner has been masquerading as an unsoiled dove or the respondent has committed bogus adultery to deceive the Court.

Neither in theory nor practice is there the slightest justification for the six months' delay which makes blackmail possible. The time for intervention by the King's Proctor should be when the suit is brought, not months later. The uselessness of his office is manifest by the fact that he exists to prevent collusion, whereas every person with any knowledge of the Divorce Court knows that at least one divorce out of two is an arranged affair.

Moreover, the activities of the King's Proctor are mainly directed against poor persons, while people of position and means largely escape his attentions.

The Earl of Desart, who was King's Proctor for fifteen years, and who admitted that his intervention in many cases did more harm than good, has explained the undue persecution of the poor by the simple fact that rich people passing through the Divorce Court are better advised and better protected and able to take greater precautions!

Dogged

The activities of the King's Proctor and his myrmidons have, indeed, for long been one of the scandals of the English law of divorce. His chief object is to see that the probation period of six months between the two decrees is passed by the successful petitioner in chastity. The petitioners are, of course, the innocent parties in divorce actions, but as soon as they obtain their decrees nisi they are liable to be dogged like criminals and to have every detail of their private lives most indiscreetly investigated by the agents of the King's Proctor.

Take one case out of thousands. A woman was married to a brutal and unfaithful husband who, in the end, deserted his home and left her and her three children unprovided for. Evidence of his misconduct was easily obtained, and when a decree nisi was granted she went to live with her aged father in the country.

Only a few weeks had passed when the old man learned that two strangers had been in the village making close enquiries of tradesmen and at private houses regarding his daughter's morals, whether she had men visitors, at what hours she was seen about at night, and so on. The country people could only deduce that the woman had been guilty of misconduct and, stricken by the gossip, the aged father fell ill and died. The shock of his death also affected his daughter, who was practically an invalid from the treatment she had received in marriage, and death soon also came to her.

The law had been satisfied at the cost of the lives of two innocent people and three children made orphans.

Make it final!

There is, in fact, no limit to the methods which have to be used by the King's Proctor's department since it became the strangest part of the Government service, charged with the unsavoury task of prying into private lives.

The granting of a decree nisi is the signal for its spies and scouts to begin enquiries of a most objectionable character, in which servants, tradespeople, neighbours, and even business colleagues are interviewed. It is a still more monstrous fact that every policeman on his beat is an agent for the King's Proctor, because the chief constable of each district is immediately given the address of a resident who has obtained a divorce and is waiting for it to become absolute.

There is no reason whatever why the King's Proctor should not be compelled to intervene only when the divorce action is heard, and to maintain silence for ever if he fails to do so then.

If a decree is granted it should be final and irrevocable.

Blackmail and suffering must inevitably continue and increase while it remains in the power of divorce petitioners to make an auction sale of the decrees of the Court.

Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to The 'Street Singer'

THE MACHINE HAS MADE YOU!

DEAR ARTHUR TRACY,—You should count yourself as one of the luckiest men in the world.

You, I believe, ascribe your success to hard work, persistence, and all that sort of thing. Many people who work hard and keep on trying, still fail in spite of it. People say of men who have succeeded, "Oh, they worked hard," and forget the many thousands who worked even harder but never got on.

I ascribe your success, and that of others like you, to your inestimable luck in being born at a time when a Machine made things easy for those people who could take advantage of it.

* * *

Now I have met you more than once, and I like you. But, in spite of that, I must say when I saw you make your debut in London at the Palladium (you were getting £400 a week for it in addition to a large income from gramophone records), I thought that you were by no means so attractive a stage turn as once was Hayden Coffin who, I imagine, even in the height of his boom in "Dorothy," earned only £30 or £40 a week.

Yet on the air, you tell me, you can command £300 for a fifteen-minutes broadcast, although, four years ago, you got only 3s. 6d. for the same programme! Not even Caruso, certainly not Chaliapine, ever earned money at the rate you do. And your voice is not to be compared with theirs.

Well, it is an age for the crooners and their like. You say you are not a crooner. I do not know exactly what a crooner is. An expert has told me it is a man who uses a microphone close up, and is sloppily sentimental. You are not always that, except at times when your sentimentality nearly runs over.

Besides, you do not need a microphone. A crooner does. You have a wide range, both vocally and from the programme point of view. You can sing a popular song. You can sing grand opera.

But I fail to see why anyone who dresses up, as you do, in a comic Montmartre outfit, and sings with his hands stretched out in a way that shows he cannot use them properly, can be worth £300 for a quarter of an hour. Yet old ladies stay up late in the States, they tell me, to hear you sing.

* * *

Now the truth is that the talkie machine and the wireless and the gramophone have placed at the disposal of a few very lucky artists a means by which they can be known half across the globe without leaving the town where they work.

Some can sing all over one country at the same time when they broadcast, and, while they are doing it, gramophone records of their songs are being played in countless homes!

You, and they, are no cleverer because of living in the Machine Age, with its radio, talkie and gramophone.

This is no criticism of you. It is merely an explanation of why you, who, but for the radio and the gramophone, might reasonably be earning £100 a week in musical comedy, are one of the darlings of the gods. You are advertised, in advance, by your records. But for the gramophone, you would have arrived in England unknown.

Mind you, I shall always regard you with great friendliness, for your arrival in London gave me at least one big laugh.

As you use the title "The Street Singer," a man on a big daily newspaper asked you to prove it. So he took you on Clapham Common and made you sing there.

"Well, Tracy," I said when I saw you the next day, "It's a great joke to me. Your friend, who tried to prove that you were a street singer, did so by trying to prove you were a common singer!"

You are not that. You have good looks. You have a really good voice. And, if you knew how to make up and dress, use your hands and master your audience when they shout for the numbers you do not want to sing, you would be a really fine stage artist.

* * *

But the world must understand that the popularity of you and your kind, which they extol and exalt, is due more to the Machine than to the artist. The public, nowadays, make gods just the same as they did before so-called "Civilisation" came along. Then, having made them, they bow down and worship. While they do that sort of thing, no improvement can come.

The Machine, while it is profitable for the few, is, at the moment, a menace to the many.

Uncontrolled, it is a curse. Controlled, it would be mankind's greatest blessing. This must be said, and written, over and over and over again, whether it interests people or bores them. For, when they apply it to practical politics, their social amelioration will have begun.

* * *

By that time, Arthur, you will have ceased to be an international star, for you will have passed on to a place where there are no microphones. Crooners, too, will be allowed in, where you will have gone—if they promise to give up crooning.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I am delighted to hear that you are considering a clean-up of slum offices—a campaign I have often urged.

Too many black-coated workers, and particularly young women, are having their health endangered by having to work in dirty, dark and overcrowded surroundings.

You will, I hope, insist on reasonable standards of cleanliness and accommodation, adequate lighting and ventilation, and a ban on damp basements.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. G. MATTHEW FYFE,
St. Andrews, Fife

DEAR DOCTOR,—"Alarmingly defective" is how you describe the schemes for wiping out tuberculosis from dairy herds, and you estimate that about 40 per cent. of cows in this country are infected with the disease.

My warnings concerning the magnitude of this menace to public health have failed to perturb the authorities. I wish I could believe that they will take your outspoken strictures to heart.

JOHN BULL.

Sir EDWARD CROWE,
Department of Overseas Trade

SIR,—In case you haven't heard, 2,000 men rushed to London's County Hall for sixty vacant jobs, and police had to be called to regulate them.

You have told Bedford School that jobs are just as easy to get now as in bygone days if the people looking for them are willing to work hard.

That's why I am telling you.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ROBERT GOWER, M.P.,
Tunbridge Wells

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—There is plenty of evidence in favour of suppressing the more sinister activities of professional fortune-tellers.

But I agree with you that while they are allowed, without police interference, to feature among the most flourishing side-lines of fashionable charity functions, it is unfair to invoke the law against their back-parlour brethren.

What is law for the Society goose ought equally to be the law for the gullible gander.

JOHN BULL.

LORD HALIFAX,
Minister for War

MY LORD,—Fox-hunting squires are the latest people to want a subsidy. For those nice horses they ride!

They complain that the breeding of fine horses is dying out, so in the event of war there will not be enough to carry all the officers.

You might tell them that officers in the next war will probably ride in tanks and armoured cars, not on prancing chargers.

JOHN BULL.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE,
West Hartlepool

DEAR CHIEF,—It is something new for a police official to warn members of the local corporation "with regard to their conduct in public affairs."

This you have done, on the instructions of the Public Prosecutor, after six councillors are alleged to have voted on a matter in which they had a pecuniary interest.

Our petty rulers everywhere should heed your startling example.

JOHN BULL.

Very Rev. H. N. BATE,
Dean of York

DEAR DEAN,—Wireless is becoming a social curse, you think. You allude, of course, to the annoyance caused to neighbours by the continual blaring of loudspeakers.

But why blame the radio? The fault lies in the inconsideration of a few people who misuse one of the greatest boons mankind has ever known.

Still, I wish they could learn to take their pleasure without spoiling the happiness of others.

JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Herring Industry Board

GENTLEMEN,—I hope your announcement asking people to buy herrings and *to see they are Scotch* is a mistake which you intend to put right.

It is certainly not fair to those two hundred Scottish and English drifters that use North Shields, the crews of which, like those in other English fishing centres, are naturally dismayed.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman JOHN COLLINS,
Blackpool

DEAR ALDERMAN,—You recently suggested the provision of safe deposits for visitors, mentioning the case of a man who, with his wife and six children, was robbed shortly after arrival and had to return home at once.

Well, the L.M.S. is now considering your excellent idea. Let us hope other railways will do likewise.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. D. WHITEHEAD,
Whitehead Iron and Steel Co., Ltd.

DEAR MR. WHITEHEAD,—Your offer of a big money prize for the most practical suggestions for permanently reducing unemployment in South Wales is an admirable gesture.

It might even give our Ministers a few ideas. They certainly need them.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALFRED DUFF COOPER,
Financial Secretary to the Treasury

DEAR SIR,—The Treasury's ridiculous regulations make it possible for Civil Servants to be worse off in pay when they obtain promotion.

There are several men, promoted for good work and transferred to another office, who have lost shillings a week. Do you wonder why others are wondering if promotion is worth while?

I look to you to end this stupid example of red tape.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. H. E. LANGHORNE,
Lewes

DEAR RECTOR,—I appreciate your objection to the educating of country children in the towns—the danger that they may not find town jobs when they leave school.

Yet it cannot be denied that they should get better education than at present.

I think you will agree with me that the easiest and most satisfactory remedy is to make rural schools as good as those in the towns.

JOHN BULL.

The HOUSING DEPARTMENT,
St. Helens, Lancs

DEAR SIRS,—A man and his wife are having to sleep out in an old brickfield because they have been given notice to quit owing to their house being overcrowded.

Recently, too, another family deposited their furniture outside your offices as a protest against your failure to provide them with a council house.

What do you propose to do about these cases?

JOHN BULL.

Sir FRANK SANDERSON, M.P.,
Malling Deanery, Lewes

DEAR SIR FRANK,—You can hardly blame motorists who have erred and duly suffered if they are grinning at your misfortune in being fined £5 for exceeding the speed limit.

For you were one of the committee which considered the Road Traffic Bill and said to be among its strongest advocates.

Chickens do sometimes come home to roost, you know.

JOHN BULL.

Should Motorists Drink?

by

A. G. Gardiner

TO-DAY we are fast becoming a nation of motorists. I do not know how many driving licences have been issued in this country, but the number must run into millions.

And we are only at the beginning. I foresee a time when "every little boy and girl that's born into this world alive," as Gilbert says, will be taught to drive a car as naturally as to read and write.

Perhaps a time will come when flying will be so common that we shall all have to be equally expert with the stick of an aeroplane. But that, thank God, is a long way off.

The motor age, however, is in full blast, and it is necessary to adjust ourselves to its requirements and its disciplines. For this reason I hope every motorist will read the report which a committee of the British Medical Association has issued on the relation of alcohol to motoring.

Relativity again!

The report has been made at the request of the Minister of Transport, and is the work of fifteen eminent physicians and surgeons who have investigated the facts with scientific thoroughness.

Before dealing with their conclusions, there are one or two general considerations that call for attention. The problem of when a man is drunk has assumed a much more acute character in these days when we skim the earth and the air more swiftly than a bird can fly.

That tiresome question of relativity comes in here, as it comes into most things.

You or I may be technically quite sober after three glasses of beer and two glasses of gin, if all you or I have to do is to walk home or catch a train or sit down at a desk and write a letter or an article.

But if you or I proceed to take charge of an aeroplane that is going across the North Sea, or to drive a car that can hurtle along at sixty or seventy miles an hour, the question whether we are not merely technically but absolutely sober takes another complexion.

There are nearly as many stages of insobriety as there are steps to the top of St. Paul's, and the question is at which of these stages a man is practically drunk and therefore incapable so far as the matter in hand is concerned. That, of course, depends on the matter in hand and on the temperament of the man.

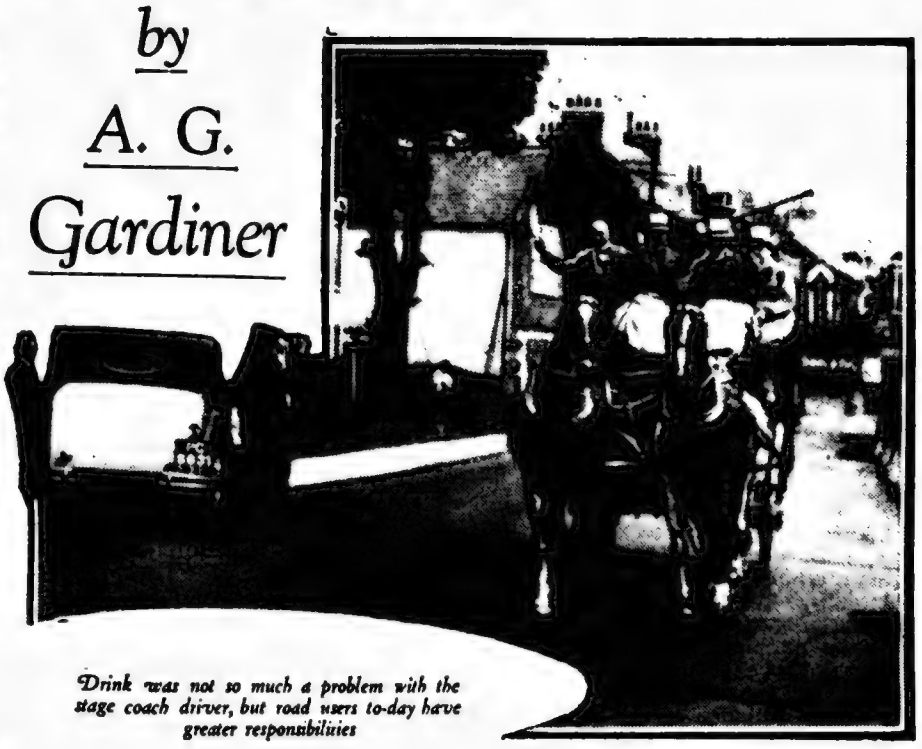
The difference

It is notorious that some men can talk more brilliantly at a certain stage of intoxication than they can when they are sober. But that does not mean that they would be as safe at the wheel of a motor car in that condition as if they were sober.

It would mean quite the contrary. The younger Pitt could hold the attention of the House of Commons when he was half seas over, but he could not hold his seat in the saddle when he was half seas over.

Drink does not affect all men in the same way. It goes to the legs of Jones, but mounts to the head of Brown.

There was a famous Lord Chancellor once who could sit and dictate a lucid legal argument, but who, if he tried to stand up, would crumple in a heap on the floor.



Drink was not so much a problem with the stage coach driver, but road users to-day have greater responsibilities

"Judge"—or "lord"?

Judged by his argument, he was sober. Looked at on the floor, he was most demonstrably drunk.

And there is the question of temperament. It does not help us much to say that a man has had only three glasses of beer and two of gin. There are people who could take this quantity and be at the end as "sober as a judge," and there are others whom it would make "as drunk as a lord."

Nor is it merely a matter of temperament. It is also a matter of occupation. If a man is working in the harvest field, perspiring under a hot sun, he will remain sober with an allowance of beer that would send him under the table in a public-house.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that it is impossible to formulate a test of drunkenness which will have general application.

Every case must be judged on its own merits.

But it is obvious that, as the pace of life increases, the line of sobriety must be drawn more rigidly in the case of those who make that pace for us. Wherever the life of the public is concerned a ruthless standard of efficiency is necessary, and no equivocal sobriety can be tolerated.

This brings me to the B.M.A. report on the effect of the consumption of alcoholic liquor on the functioning of the human body in relation to motoring. It states that the consumption of a quantity corresponding to two ounces of whisky has been shown by psychological tests to diminish attention and control, to reduce capacity to learn and to affect reasoning power adversely.

Even quite small amounts of alcohol are found to reduce the power of making movements dependent on rapid and accurate co-ordination.

Not the least disquieting fact is that the subjects of the tests were frequently found to believe—quite erroneously—that they had performed their tests more efficiently as a result of taking alcohol.

"He (the driver) may believe himself to be driving better; but, in fact, his body works less efficiently. This adverse effect generally occurs even if alcohol is taken in moderate quantities some hours before driving, and especially if taken in the absence of food."

Caution first

As was to be expected, there has been much criticism of the report from interested quarters. I suppose the vast majority of motorists drink alcohol in some measure. Except in rare cases the indulgence is moderate. Excessive drinking is to-day infinitely rarer than it was even a generation ago. And one of the chief causes of this is undoubtedly the popularity of motoring and the necessity of preserving a high degree of caution.

But the average motorist does not like to admit that drinking and driving should be mutually exclusive. He believes he has himself well in hand, and resents the implication of the B.M.A. report that even the most moderate indulgence reduces his efficiency.

But no one will seriously question the disinterestedness and competence of the B.M.A. committee on such a subject. They have no interest to serve except that of the truth, and they have fortified their case by a wealth of experiment which cannot be challenged.

Urgent need

Nor can it be questioned that their report deals with a subject of the highest public concern. Seven thousand deaths and hundreds of thousands of accidents are the toll of the road every year. In so far as this terrific casualty list is due to avoidable causes, it ought and must be diminished.

That the indiscreet use of alcohol is one of those avoidable causes will not be denied, and every sensible motorist will agree that the facts should be faced and that public opinion should be educated to the highest possible standard of efficiency and security in the use of the roads, no matter what sacrifice of pleasure it may involve.

BACHELORS of MARRIAGE

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

OF all of the learned professions,
Which is the most difficult, say?
Not surely the Law, since a lawyer's fees
Are earned with what's reckoned ridiculous ease
By those who are called on to pay.

And what of the doctor, who prospers
By failing to keep us in health;
The milit'ry leader, who thrives on defeat;
The banker, who, when ruin seems most complete,
From others increases his wealth?

Much harder than these is the task of
Those heroes who take on for life
A learned profession, abounding in "plums."
But rich, too, in "lemons," the day one becomes
A qualified husband or wife!

That marriage is the hardest of all professions was made plain by the Countess of Balfour, in addressing the girls at Tiffin School. "I can assure you," she said, "there is no profession which needs a wider, fuller, deeper education."

But, as she warned her audience, it "is not a profession we can be sure of attaining by passing any form of examination." Nor, a cynic might add, one we can be sure of escaping by undergoing any form of vaccination. It is, in fact, like rheumatism or the O.B.E., something that may happen to anyone.

Little, however, is done to educate potential victims. We are given copious official instructions as to how to avoid being knocked out by a motor-car, but no Government department tells us how to avoid being knocked endways by a glad eye.

Yet these are just the accidents which result in two persons, unfurnished with diplomas or degrees, entering with high hopes the hardest of all professions.

In the circumstances, it is less surprising that marriage is sometimes a failure than that it is often a success. But whether the successes would be more numerous if would-be practitioners had to undergo courses of training like those required for other professions is rather more than doubtful.

Is it to be assumed, f'rinstance, that a man, although himself a B.M. (Bachelor of Matrimony), would be unduly impressed by a document certifying that plain Jane Blunt had passed all examinations and was now a fully qualified D.D. (Doctor of Domesticity)?

The chances are that the poor male mutt, having duly congratulated Jane, would rush to the nearest register office with Polly Peachum—one of those fluffy flyweights who could no more pass an examination than she could pass a kinema.

Though her brain is lightly laden,
Marriage waits the merry maiden;
Ignorance
Seems like bliss to optics blinded
By the fantasies, light-minded,
Of Romance!

While nobody need disparage
Knowledge as an aid to marriage,
If you fuss,
Keeping midnight oil a-burning,
You may well, while busy learning,
Miss the 'bus!

Better far to have the knowledge—
It's not taught in school or college—
Up your sleeve
That the Serpent wise, when Adam
Did not have his eye on Madam,
Taught to Eve!

MISSING!—

£500,000 and the MAJOR

"Investments" looked very important, but was really so much window-dressing

Huge City Bond Frauds

LAST week certain daily and evening newspapers reported, as the result of some brief proceedings which took place in the High Courts of Justice, the "disappearance" of a tall and soldierly-looking man named Clarence Young.

It so happens that, prior to this publicity, an investigator of JOHN BULL had for some days been probing the complicated affairs of this individual, who has not disappeared at all in the real sense of the word, but is in hiding from a host of people who are deeply anxious to interview him.

For about eighteen months Young, who is well known in both America and South Africa, and who was called "The Major" by his more intimate friends, has been a familiar figure in financial circles in the City of London. Among his varied interests, latterly, was a company called Percy Bennett and Co., Limited, which occupied offices at Dashwood House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Swift action

In fact, Major Young—who is fifty years of age and over six foot two in height—has for several months been in complete control of the destinies of Percy Bennett and Co., Limited. Forceful and accomplished, he all along proved himself to be a man of rapid and decisive action.

With the aid of several well-spoken and convincing agents, Major Young introduced Percy Bennett and Company to clients in all parts of the country as "Investment Brokers," and, free gratis and for nothing, offered advice on investment problems to all and sundry.

Some of his closest assistants were men of the loquacious type well known in shady City offices. They toured the country in expensive cars to interview investors personally for the purpose of inducing them, on the spot, to make "quick" bargains in the purchase and disposal of stocks and shares.

While Major Young was in command of the Percy Bennett concern the scope of its business increased tremendously and colossal sums of money passed through his hands.

So extravagant were some of the inducements held out to clients that they almost tumbled over each other to enter into business with the company.

The literature issued by Percy Bennett and Co., Limited, was extremely well prepared, and a weekly publication which was distributed gratuitously to investors appeared to be written up in a perfectly genuine fashion. This was called "Investments," and dealt with financial matters of all kinds.

References were made in this periodical to the finances of some of the most reputable companies in the land, which gave the paper the exact "tone" it required to convince its recipients that it was nothing other than a perfectly straightforward and reliable publication.

Actually, "Investments" was issued as so much window dressing, and its elaborate compilation was carried out merely as part of the Major's machinery of fraud and deception.

A typical instance of the manner in which clients have been defrauded by Percy Bennett and Company is that of a provincial man who had received unsolicited copies of "Investments" for many months before he decided to seek the company's advice.

No sooner had an enquiry he sent to the firm been received than he was greeted at his house by a talkative visitor from London, who arrived with the "compliments" of Percy Bennett and Company. The caller had not been speaking long before he had completely dissuaded the other from purchasing certain shares he had intended buying, and had interested him instead in others concerning which Percy Bennett and Company was supposed to have exclusive knowledge.

Still waiting

The shares the agent verbally offered were those of a profitable and famous foodstuffs concern, and at the time of the interview they were quoted on the Stock Exchange at about seventy shillings each. The provincial man was told that *within a few weeks they would be worth at least another thirty shillings*, and that if he made a quick decision Percy Bennett and Company would be agreeable to sell them for him, at the difference in price, once they had soared in value as was so confidently predicted.

Believing that he was dealing with a reputable financial house, the investor in this case handed over a considerable amount of money, plus a number of profit-paying shares, for reinvestment. But he is still waiting for the "difference in price." And, unfortunately, he is likely to go on waiting for all time!

After his first visitor had returned to the London offices, Percy Bennett and Company did what they have done in many similar cases. Other plausible agents, smartly attired and travelling in luxurious cars, then called upon the provincial investor with the "compliments" of the gallant Major's investment company, and sought to urge him to realise further securities for reinvestment in other gilt-edged propositions about which they professed to know so much.

But the client in question was shrewd enough to ask himself why the Major and his associates were so anxious to be guides, philosophers and friends, and why they were so insistent about getting his money. He decided to deal with them no further; and gave them, instead, instructions to sell at the best market prices available the shares they had induced him to buy. At this point in the story the whole atmosphere changed. Loquacity became silence.

Several letters since written by this particular client to the company's headquarters at Dashwood House have been completely ignored.

We regret to say that scores of other people, approached in the same sort of way, have been likewise victimised. The sums involved in some of the complaints which are now being lodged with bankruptcy officials and police officers are staggering when one considers what a trumpery type of concern Percy Bennett and Company really is, and how flamboyantly it has been conducted.

Whole fortunes have been sunk into the coffers of this concern, and many of the people who listened to the fairy tales and blandishments of Major Clarence Young and his agents have been absolutely ruined.

Individual investments, in fact, range from hundreds to thousands of pounds.

Judgment was recently obtained against Percy Bennett and Company by a duped client, and the total liabilities as far as we are able to say at present are between £400,000 and £500,000.

Yet, nearly two years ago, soon after the company started operations, Sir Wyndham Childs issued a warning in these columns against it. He then said that the man behind it was "a financial prophet to shun."

He pointed out that, housed in the office the concern then occupied were several worthless companies which had caused investors to incur heavy losses. Some had been bankrupt two or three times following impudent "reconstruction" schemes which were only staged in order that further moneys could be procured from badly bitten shareholders.

Just prior to Major Young's "disappearance," which took place some weeks ago, dupes began to make dramatic visits to the Old Broad Street office, and the Major found that, even with his forceful personality, he was unable to palm them off with excuses. So he complained of feeling unwell, and decided that a change of air was needed to bring him a little relief from the cares and worries of City life.

Since then he has made no reappearance whatsoever at Dashwood House. All that callers have found at the office lately is a locked door, while a glance through the keyhole reveals nothing but an empty room.

Papers seized

For the goods and chattels of Percy Bennett and Company have been seized by bailiffs, and its files and papers have been taken away by the City of London Police for investigation purposes.

And even the luxurious flat Major Clarence Young resided in until recently, in an exclusive part of the West End of London, has been deserted by him for weeks.

It passes comprehension, really, with all the warnings which have been published about firms of this type, and about "jazz salesmen" and talkative shares-tourists in cars, that victims could have been found to the extent of between £400,000 and £500,000 in the incredible manner we have here described.

We are indeed pleased to think that Sir Wyndham Childs' warning two years ago must have saved many other people from investing.

Whether anything will be salved from the wreckage of Percy Bennett and Co., Limited, we are not in a position to say. But we do make an earnest appeal to the police, and to the Bankruptcy officials now dealing with the matter, to do their utmost to produce the "Missing Major" for a reckoning at the earliest date.

Lovely Britain

"John Bull's" Presentation to Readers

THE glamour and glory of their own native land, all the teeming beauties and wonders of Britain—what better Presentation than this could JOHN BULL make to its readers at the time in the year when they are discovering these beauties for themselves anew?

"Lovely Britain" is the title of a work for which tens of thousands of homes have been waiting, a book for old and young, for all who love nature and their homeland, for all who have an eye for the beautiful.

Compiled by the most popular living writers, with over 500 pages and some 550 enchanting large-size photographs, this work is the most complete and fascinating single volume of its kind.

An outstanding feature of this Presentation is that, although this work is well worth 25s., JOHN BULL is making it available to its readers at the amazingly low privilege price of only 2s. 9d.—plus 1s. to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.—a privilege without parallel!

This is the first time a book of this kind has been available at a price that brings it within reach of every home.

Know your own country! Revel in its natural charms and fascinations. Explore its beauties and wonders. England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales. This book is a magic carpet that carries you into the heart of them all.

The volume is a thing of beauty in every sense of the word. It is superbly bound and embossed in gold—a real library volume.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 and apply at once for your copy.

MYSTERY of a BIBLE FILM

THIS is a new version of the parable of "The Prodigal Son" which should be of particular interest to clergymen and ministers of religion in all parts of the country.

It begins in January of the present year with the registration at Somerset House of a private company under the style of Church Films, Ltd., and with the business objective of "sacred, educational, and travel film producers, film directors, exhibitors and renters."

A month later Church Films, Ltd., started operations from an office in Denmark Street, London, W.C.

To indicate the ecclesiastical associations of the company letter paper was prepared with a picture of Salisbury Cathedral at its head, and circulars were despatched to five thousand clergymen in London and elsewhere.

Because of the light it throws on the intentions of Church Films, Ltd., we give extracts from this masterly circular, but with certain portions in italics of our own:—

"We have pleasure in calling your attention to a project which has been needed for some considerable time and which is now about to reach fruition.

"The above company has been registered for the purpose of making Sacred, Educational and Travel films. *A prominent Churchman, a Doctor of Divinity, well versed in Biblical history, has undertaken the preparation of the scenarios which will ensure exactness in all details. This gentleman has also undertaken to exercise a general supervision and censorship over all films made, so that there will be no possibility of mistakes.*

Some hymns

"It is proposed to make the films average about 3,000 feet in length. This will take about thirty minutes in the showing; with two or three hymns added and a few prayers an hour's Service can easily be arranged.

"The films will be suitable for showing either in a church or church hall, and arrangements can always be made for the loan of apparatus, operator, screen, etc. These films will be silent; this will tend to ensure a reverential showing.

"Perhaps it is needless to state that the main objects of this company in making these films are as follows:—

"By ocular demonstration to interest people in Spiritual teaching. There will be ample extracts from the Gospels and the Old Testament connecting with the films.

"By means of these films to interest people who are at present negligent in their Church duties and who may be interested in a Service of this kind.

"*It is hoped to have the first film completed by Holy Week, and it will then be available for hire. It is suggested that the title of the first film will be "The Prodigal Son."* Other films will follow in quick succession.

Contained in the circular was a schedule of the films which the company proposed to make. This included eleven stories from the old Testament and nine from the New Testament.

Among the subjects were: "Sin Entering In," a picture version of the Garden of Eden, with the expulsion of Adam and Eve by the Angel of the Lord; the narrative of Joseph and His Brethren; with the incident of Joseph's dream, his sale into bondage, and his life in Egypt; Samson's temptation by Delilah and his death; David and his fight with the giant Goliath; Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and the child Samuel.

In New Testament history the films to be taken comprised, among others: The Nativity; The Prodigal Son; the Good Samaritan; the parables of the Talents and the Unjust Steward; the Betrayal by Judas and his remorse; the Resurrection Morning; the Conversion of St. Paul, and St. Paul at Ephesus.

Contract signed

More than 1,000 clergymen responded to that inviting letter, expressing their approval of the project and indicating that they might be prepared to consider the hiring of the films, produced under the supervision of a distinguished "Doctor of Divinity."

We will now deal in detail with one case which has been brought to our notice—that of a vicar in Bethnal Green, London, who signed a contract with the company and paid money for a display of a moving picture.

The Return of the Prodigal Son, by Murillo. This story is one of the Bible subjects which Church Films, Ltd., professes to be making

Towards the end of February—the time is important—this clergyman received a communication from Church Films, Ltd., in the following terms:—

"We have much pleasure in advising you *that we are now engaged in filming the story, 'The Prodigal Son,' and also that this film will be ready for showing during the month of April.*"

There followed a visit to the vicar by a representative of the company, who inspected the parish hall, declared that it was well suited for an exhibition of one of their films, and made arrangements for the attendance of a cinema operator plus projecting apparatus and "The Prodigal Son" on a definite date.

Believing that everything was quite in order, the vicar then advertised through his parish the forthcoming religious film display.

On the evening in question a large audience of more than 1,500 people assembled, and the hall was crowded. But, true to type, "The Prodigal Son" proved completely unreliable. Neither the operator nor the apparatus for showing the picture nor the film made any appearance.

After waiting and wondering, the vicar had to make an apology to the expectant spectators.

Naturally the vicar was very upset at this breakdown in most carefully made arrangements. He wrote a letter of protest to Church Films, Ltd., and bluntly asked for his money back, but the company ignored his demand. When this extraordinary failure on the part of Church Films, Ltd., was brought to the notice of JOHN BULL investigation was made into the composition and activities of the company.

Enquiry at the office gained the admission that the film of "The Prodigal Son," which was announced as being ready for Holy Week, had not been attempted *at the end of July.*

A representative of the business declared that "shooting" would commence in a week and that the completed film would be ready in September.

When this representative of Church Films, Ltd., was asked for the name of the eminent Doctor of Divinity who was to supervise the films, he mentioned "The Reverend Dr. Watson, D.D.," with an address in Surrey Street, Strand.

At that address there is a *Mr.* Watson, who admitted having had dealings with Church Films, Ltd., as a possible renter of religious films, but disavowed that he was a Doctor of Divinity or even a reverend!

No authority

Later the name of a real clergyman, the secretary of a well-known religious organisation, was given to JOHN BULL as being that of the adviser on the religious exactitude of films which may (*or may not*) be produced.

This clergyman stated that all he knew about the enterprise was that, through a third party, he had been invited to write the synopsis of a film story of "The Prodigal Son." This he had done but had received no remuneration for the work.

Another statement made on behalf of Church Films, Ltd., was that "we are under the protection" of a distinguished Suffragan Bishop of the Diocese of London. We referred the bishop to this statement, only to be informed that the company had no authority to use his name in connection with their affairs.

So it would appear that the claims of the company are not at all justified.

A search of the files at Somerset House reveals the fact that Church Films, Ltd., has a nominal capital of only £500, divided into 10s. shares, but *actually only 30s. has been subscribed*: one 10s. share by each of the three directors. One of the directors is a Mrs. Sheba Bonas; another is Stanley Charles Allen, of Bessels Green, Kent, who is described as a film producer; while the third is Harold Gregory Williams, a printer, of Hedge Lane, London, N.W. From other enquiries we have made we do not like the preposterous pretensions of this purely commercial thirty-shillings undertaking, nor the methods of its management.

Obviously Church Films, Ltd., never had the money with which to produce "The Prodigal Son," according to its promise, and the whole thing is a scandalous bluff played on the clergy.

Homely Wisdom—by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Wrecked Homes

THE latest statistics of divorce in this country make melancholy reading. It is sad to think that so many couples should find married partnership intolerable and wish to dissolve it by one means or another.

No alteration of the marriage laws will ever suffice to ensure the mutual happiness of the man and woman who take each other "for better, for worse," intending the vow to be one of life-long fidelity, and then find themselves unable to endure each other's company.

No less to be deplored is the fact that there are numerous homes wherein divorce is avoided, but a sort of cat and dog life continues to be lived, a life of constant recrimination and bickering between husband and wife, parents and children. Something has gone grievously wrong when a home is like that, and the wearing misery of it is a blight both upon health and character to all the inmates.

A man has just been talking to me about his own problem in this respect, and it is so typical of many more that he has no objection to my referring to it here. He says he does not know how he and his wife slipped down from the high level of domestic intercourse on which their married life started.

It promised well enough at first and until after the arrival of their first child, but little by little peevishness and discontent, argumentativeness and complaint of each other's habits took the place of the former confidence and friendly interchange of thought.

I have not heard the wife's side of the matter, but I do not think she would be likely to add anything to the husband's accusation of himself.

He blames himself heartily for losing his wife's loyalty, though he has nothing very shocking to reproach himself with.

He believes they keep together for the children's sake and for no other reason; but surely it should have occurred to them that they owe more to the children than merely remaining under one roof. In an atmosphere of marital discord a child's moral nature must be gravely injured.

Note this naive confession. The husband says: "When her nagging goads me into fury I say things I am ashamed of. What devil makes me say them I don't know, but it often seems to me as if something not myself were egging me on to say what I know will hurt most and embitter our relations beyond hope of recovery.

"Expressions that I could not invent in cold blood leapt to my lips when we are quarrelling—deadly, vile, unpardonable. They astonish myself and they are like snake-bite to her."

He used to apologise when he had lost control of himself like this and try to take back his insults; but he found this did not work. The next time they quarrelled she would rake up the apology and use it as a weapon against him. "You owned you were in the wrong," she would say; "you acknowledged you were a cad, and you are behaving just the same now."

"Incompatibility of temperament" would be the reason given in court for a judicial separation on such grounds as these, but "uncontrolability of temper" would be a juster description of it.

There is one infallible cure if the parties could be induced to practise it. It is sympathy.

The Eastern sage was right who said that sympathy would always draw heart to heart, but that love without sympathy was not to be trusted. And sympathy is within our own control.

Keep your Kodak handy

—and CATCH it!

This is the recipe for a delightful holiday: keep your 'Kodak' handy, keep it loaded with Kodak Film, and keep on taking snaps. But remember to use only *Kodak* Film if you want the sharp detail and true tone-values that put real life in your photographs.

It's KODAK Film that makes the picture

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Six-20 "Brownie" Junior. Simple, strong, all-metal, rust-proofed. Takes Snaps and Time exposures. Extra large view-finders make sighting easy. Tested Kodak lens. Standard size picture. British made ▪ ▪ 8/6

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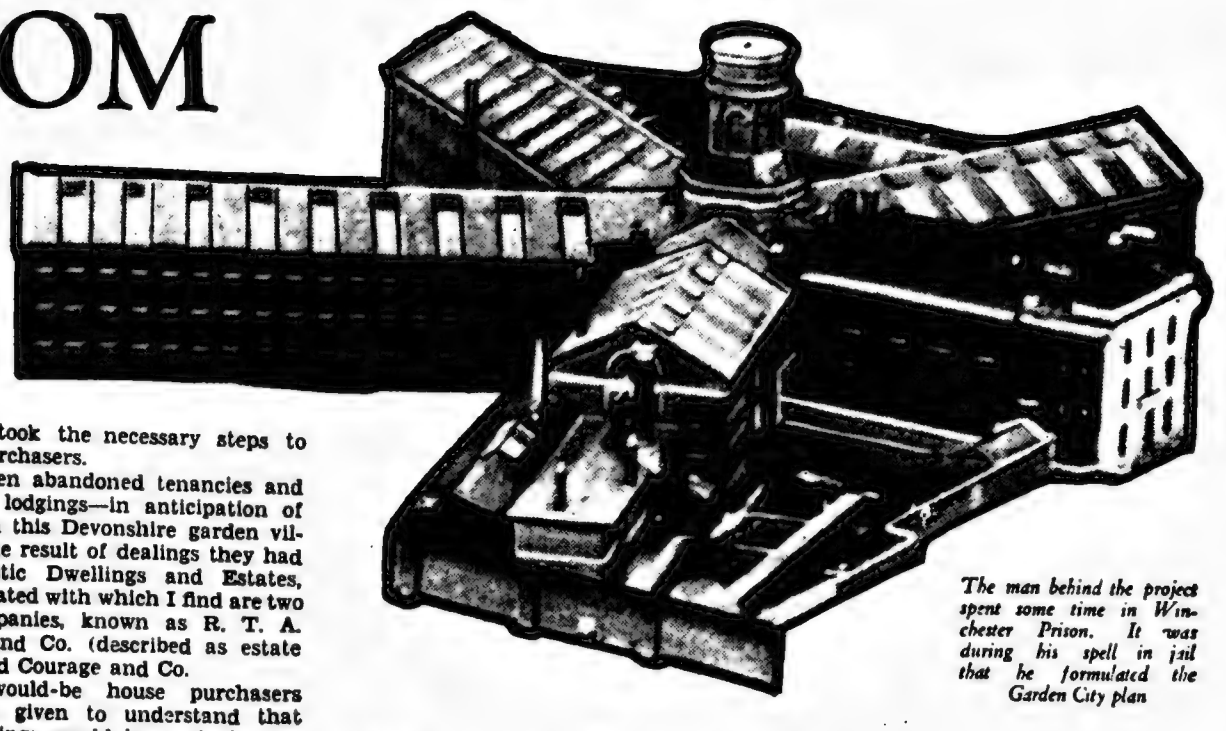
PHANTOM Garden CITY



The man behind the project spent some time in Winchester Prison. It was during his spell in jail that he formulated the Garden City plan

Why a Devon Paradise was Lost

THE story behind the sudden collapse of an ambitious scheme which was to have provided a magnificent garden city on the outskirts of Exeter, in Devonshire, must rank as one of the most astonishing with which I have yet dealt.

And the collapse is one for which the responsible company-promoters, who offered homes on what was described as being the finest building estate in Exeter, should yet have to answer.

The houses which were offered were widely advertised in several local newspapers some months ago, and among the advantages that were proclaimed were the magnificent panoramic views, playing fields and open spaces.

The houses themselves were declared to be beautifully brick-built, freehold, detached or semi-detached; with three bedrooms, tiled kitchen, bathrooms and lavatories, and with space for garages and large gardens.

The company behind the venture is a concern called Artistic Dwellings and Estates, Ltd., which, with other companies belonging to the same group, is in office at 7-9, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Shortly after registration, this company set itself up in a branch office at 31, Powderham Crescent, Exeter, and a manager was appointed. Whilst the responsible individual remained behind the scenes, a well-known local architect and surveyor was engaged to carry out the necessary preliminary work.

This architect and surveyor was required to lay out plans for no fewer than four hundred dwellings of twelve different types, and the site selected was some sixty acres of land, on high ground, forming part of a renowned beauty spot famous for its splendid views in the Heavitree district of Exeter.

All-modern

A casual estimate of the cost of the garden city it was planned should come into being accounted for the expenditure of a quarter of a million pounds.

According to the original plan two and a half miles of narrow lanes were to be broadened and a new road constructed across the model estate. The houses were to have been the last thing in modern construction.

A feature of some of the announcements made in connection with this dreamland enterprise was that a deposit of £1 was sufficient to secure any house and that the full deposit, amounting to £10, was to be regarded as rent.

I am not surprised to find that a number of readers, attracted by the advertisements, and impressed by the business-like nature of the literature sent out and hopeful of becoming householders in unequalled surroundings, immediately took the necessary steps to become purchasers.

Some even abandoned tenancies and went into lodgings—in anticipation of dwelling in this Devonshire garden village—as the result of dealings they had with Artistic Dwellings and Estates, Ltd., associated with which I find are two other companies, known as R. T. A. Cornwell and Co. (described as estate agents), and Courage and Co.

These would-be house purchasers have been given to understand that their dwellings would be ready by the end of September, yet up to the present nothing has been done.

As time goes on their anxiety increases; and the fact that the company which is primarily responsible for the creation of this model estate in the heart of Glorious Devon appears to possess only the slenderest finances makes the situation all the more disquieting.

Let me deal with the financial position for a moment.

Soon after the company concerned was registered, a mortgage of £526 was raised, but only £2 of the nominal capital of £2,500 was subscribed!

The mystery as to how the gigantic sum necessary to complete the scheme was to be found has not yet been solved.

Only an option

But it has now been discovered that Artistic Dwellings and Estates, Ltd., does not even own the land upon which it was proposed to create the "magnificent" estate. *It had secured an option, but no more.*

Yet, long before plans were submitted for approval by the Exeter authorities, before designs were completed, even before estimates were made regarding the cost of materials, transport or labour in connection with the work, monetary deposits were gathered from numerous would-be purchasers.

When it was gradually realised that the chances of this idealistic village coming into existence at all were growing more remote than ever, it was natural that the newspapers which had carried the original advertising should refuse to give further space.

Thus the advertising ceased, the local architect and surveyor withdrew his services from the scheme, and a number of depositors made enquiry at the Exeter offices of the company—without avail.

So far, the directors of Artistic Dwellings and Estates, Ltd., have not shown any signs of carrying through the project upon which they embarked.

I am greatly interested, therefore, in the news that one of the two directors, during a fleeting visit to Exeter, boasted that his company had plans for creating a similar garden city estate at Taunton in Somersetshire—though, so far, nothing more has been heard of this second scheme.

Like the Heavitree Garden City, the proposed estate in Taunton is but the vision of a certain Mr. Cornwell, who rests on his laurels in his London office, far from the criticism levelled at his agents on the spot.

That Mr. Cornwell should have embarked on the venture is not a little astonishing, for he was not so long since released from Winchester Jail, after serving a sentence for fraud.

His full name is Ronald Thomas Archibald Cornwell.

This is not the first time Cornwell has distinguished himself in Exeter. About eighteen months ago he appeared before the magistrates there in connection with fraudulently receiving moneys he had secured from insurance companies on behalf of the victims of road accidents.

On that occasion he appealed to be tried at the Hampshire Assizes.

Cheques returned

Cornwell, I have discovered, at that time made it a habit of getting in touch with people who were injured, and undertook to secure for them the sums they were entitled to receive by way of compensation.

But though he received cheques from bona-fide insurance companies for payment to his clients, he was, in many instances, loth to part with the cash.

In one case he made out two cheques for £45 to a man who was entitled to £215.

Imagine the consternation of the victim of the accident when both Cornwell's cheques came back from the bank marked with red ink "refer to drawer"! It was only with the greatest difficulty that the injured man finally succeeded in getting a third of the sum to which he was entitled. Cornwell kept the rest.

During the criminal proceedings which ensued, and concerning which he was charged with forgery, it was revealed that complaints had been made to the police with regard to the conduct of Cornwell's shady business over a period of eighteen months.

In a number of instances his clients only succeeded in getting the money which rightly belonged to them *after* they had complained to the authorities.

It was doubtlessly because his victims were mainly scattered around Exeter that he sought to be tried at the Hampshire Assizes, a privilege which for some unknown reason was afforded him.

Mr. Justice Talbot, who was the judge at the latter court, severely criticised the act of the Exeter magistrates, and sentenced Cornwell to six months' imprisonment. He was not in jail long before another warrant was issued for his arrest in Somersetshire.

Planned in jail

In due course he appeared before the assizes in the last-named county, only to receive a further sentence in connection with his dishonest operations.

It was whilst he was in jail that he planned the founding of his present questionable undertaking.

It is therefore not without good reason that Cornwell and his ambitious plans are viewed with the gravest suspicion in Exeter and the surrounding parts. That those who have parted with money in the hope of living in a beauty spot should now be anxious can well be understood.

The least they expect is that the cash they have subscribed and deposited will be refunded with the least possible delay.

They are, moreover, faced with the fact that, even should the huge sum of capital necessary to carry the scheme to success be forthcoming, it is the considered opinion of experts that not only are the ambitious plans for a garden city at Heavitree impracticable, but that, in any case, it would cost double the estimated amount.

In any event, it is, in my opinion, a highly undesirable practice that deposits large or small should be required from would-be house purchasers, particularly by a man with Cornwell's record, before land has been purchased, or before one brick has been laid to mark the beginning of any serious work in what was to have been such a magnificent garden city in Glorious Devon.

Write to

JOHN BULL

About It!

What's Wrong with the Hospitals—(7)

SO far in its Hospitals enquiry JOHN BULL has dealt with those institutions that exist for the treatment of general ailments and injuries.

This week we turn the searchlight of our investigation on to another class of hospitals—the so-called "Special Hospitals"—which treat infectious diseases, tuberculosis and mental diseases.

And the light we throw on them shows their case to be the most disgraceful and scandalous of any within the whole national hospital system.

It is particularly disgraceful because the care of persons suffering from these maladies is a function of the State. There is a statutory obligation laid upon local authorities to make provision for the treatment of these diseases in their areas. Behind this provision there is, theoretically, the bottomless purse of the State.

Cinderellas

Actually, we find a parsimony in everything to do with accommodation, staff, food, equipment and the care of patients which the most poverty-stricken voluntary hospital dare not exercise. And we find that as a general rule. Exceptions are few and far between.

The "specials" are the Cinderellas of the hospitals. And in them also can be found all the worst faults of the general hospitals, but even more common and magnified out of all reckoning and endurance.

We can discuss in this article only two of the special hospitals—those for infectious diseases and the sanatoriums for tuberculosis. Let us take first the fever hospitals.

There are, roughly, 1,000 of them with about 38,000 beds. In distribution and total the available accommodation for fever patients is inadequate for the needs of the country.

There is no margin for even moderate epidemics.

In almost all the local outbreaks of the past few years such as the scarlet fever epidemics at Liverpool, Durham, the West Riding and the South of Scotland the hospitals have been overcrowded and all resources strained to breaking point.

In many towns the machinery of isolation broke down altogether. In one town last year, for instance, over 400 scarlet fever patients were being treated in their own homes.

Ex-Army huts

But the quantity of fever hospital accommodation is not so bad as its quality. There are many Councils, especially in the rural areas, who believe that any building is good enough for a fever hospital. So we find all kinds of structures serving the purpose from decrepit country mansions bought cheaply to ramshackle ex-Army huts perched on mountain tops.

When we get down to the treatment of the individual patient we find a much worse situation.

All the consequences of understaffing—badly cooked food, tyrannical, scant and hurried handling of patients—which we have described in the articles on the general hospitals, are multiplied in the fever hospitals because the staff problem there is much worse.

The shortage of nurses is acute because there are even less inducements than in the worst "generals." The extra pay for fever work—about £10 a year—is not, in the view of many nurses, sufficient compensation for the added risks and poor living conditions.

(The case we quoted in a previous article in this series, of nurses whose living quarters was a damp and ancient Army hut, was a fever hospital.)

As for the monetary compensation, there was another case recently of a nurse who contracted a terrible illness through her living quarters being adjacent to huts of diseased patients.

This brought her in contact with infection both day and night.

When she recovered she was refused her job back. Instead a magnanimous Council awarded her a "pension" of £1 a week, payment of which was to terminate in under four years.

Cross-infection

But besides the reaction on the patients of understaffing and overcrowding, there is an even worse scandal from the patients' point of view which is particular to the fever hospitals, and that is the common occurrence of what is called "cross-infection."

It is a grim irony and a queer commentary on our ideas of progress in the treatment of infectious diseases that most of our isolation hospitals are not "isolation" in the true sense at all.

Many children go into a fever hospital with one disease only to acquire another. There was a tragic case recently of a child admitted to a South Country sanatorium with diphtheria.

While there it got both measles and scarlet fever through contact with other children. And as a result of the complications which ensued it became blind for life.

Not a penny

In another case two children admitted with measles to an isolation hospital contracted a serious disease through contact with other patients. Months afterwards the parents sued the authority for damages. The children were not yet cured, but the unfortunate parents never got a penny.

There is one area in Wales where so high has been the mortality from cross-infection at the local hospital that parents have volunteered to turn furniture out into the street so that they might have a chance of isolating their fever-smitten child in their own home. They have come to believe that the appearance of the "fever van" in the street to take away a child is synonymous with a death warrant.

The cause of cross-infection is, primarily, the "open ward" system which obtains in most isolation hospitals.

In that respect this country is behind almost all other civilised nations. France, Germany, the U.S. and even Russia have all adopted the cubicle system on a general scale.

Each child is placed in bed in a glass cubicle separated from the others but in full view of the nurses. This method has practically eliminated cross-infection.

But "economy" and rate-conscious councils have effectually prevented that method from being adopted here.

Own scandals

Recently the Ministry of Health proposed that at least one-third of all fever hospital accommodation should consist of isolation cubicles. The proposals have been ignored. Even the London fever hospitals, which claim to be the most up to date and are governed by the wealthiest Council in the world, have less than one-sixth of their total accommodation in the form of isolation cubicles.

We can, therefore, summarise our

Heaven Help the FEVER PATIENT!

In some areas mortality has been so high that . . . parents have come to believe that the appearance of the "fever van" in the street to take away a child is synonymous with a death warrant

charges against the fever hospitals by saying that in spite of the rate-supported volume of money behind them they contain in even greater degree all the faults of the worst general hospitals together with special scandals all their own. And we are prepared to support those charges in greater detail.

The special hospitals dealing with tuberculosis have to face substantially the same criticisms as the majority of the Council-run fever hospitals—bad food, inadequacy of accommodation, and lack of proper nursing attention. There are just over 500 of them in the country with about 26,000 beds.

In their case there is even less excuse because it is only during recent years that tuberculosis (or T.B.) has been given the status of a notifiable disease and the responsibility for dealing with it handed over to the Councils. The authorities have thus had the chance of beginning properly with up-to-date methods and organisation.

In addition the public attention focused on an *avoidable* disease which kills five times as many every year as does the road traffic might have been expected to have some effect on the methods adopted towards T.B. patients.

Instead, with very few and noble exceptions they are run on exactly the same lines as the fever and general hospitals, perpetuating the same errors and abuses towards the patients and with the same faults and grievances.

Fear of the consequences probably has a greater effect on the T.B. patient than on the general hospital patient in deterring him from making complaints. The former usually has a six-month stretch in hospital at a time and matters can be made very unpleasant for a patient branded as a "grouser" during that long period.

That may be some reason why the grievances of these patients are less familiar to the public than those from general hospitals. But that is not to say that they do not exist.

Here are two brief descriptions of what can *and does* take place in County T.B. sanatoriums. They are taken from many similar reports obtained by John Bull from different areas of the country.

Black spot

The first is from the North (one of the nation's black spots for T.B.), and the sanatorium concerned is housed, like many others, in a converted country property. It holds 60 to 70 patients, both sexes. Women live in the house, men in huts in the grounds. No complaint is made against the *medical* attention at this institution, although there is not, in fact, a resident medical officer.

But here is a description of the food and conditions by one patient who after ten weeks of it left, and refused to continue the cure.

On four days in one week the women patients' tea consisted of half a round of bread and butter and a tomato. If they wanted more they had to eat it dry because there was no butter in the stores. On one occasion a young nurse supplied women patients with her own allowances of bread and butter because they were so hungry.

On another the women patients refused to get up from the tables in the dining hall unless they were given more. But none forthcoming, they at length gave in.

Milk allowance at the sanatorium is one quart per patient, but most contend that they receive a pint or less. Food at all meals is unpalatable and badly cooked. On one occasion soup was served which smelt and tasted so unpleasantly that the patients refused to touch it. On another cold meat was served which had maggots crawling from it. These are corroborated facts.

Night trips

The rule against food being brought in from outside is constantly broken by friends of the patients. And when this smuggled food is exhausted patients are nearly always hungry.

Men patients actually climb out of the sanatorium grounds at night and buy food at a small shop in a near-by village. They not only get this sustenance for themselves, but they are commissioned to buy it by the women patients. They creep back into the sanatorium at night like into a beleaguered city to throw packets of food up to hungry women patients on the sleeping verandas of the main building.

This sanatorium's ideas of hygiene are as casual as its feeding arrangements. Patients do not have their own crockery, feeding utensils or sputum cups. A recovered patient may use utensils one day employed by a seriously ill patient the day before. The weekly weighing of the women is done in a common robe presumably because its weight is known. All have to wear the same robe, although there are patients with skin diseases.

The second case comes from the Midlands, again a county sanatorium. Here are extracts from a report to us from a patient there.

"The food is abominable. I know that this is a common complaint, but this time it is not unfounded. White fish containing worms, greens containing slugs—I've dislodged one as large as my little finger—eggs foreign and used because they would not keep till the next day, meat no knife would cut, an all-year-round Sunday dinner of roast pork, are surely cause for complaint. Stew of which the only eatable part is the gravy is a common supper. We are always hungry."

At this sanatorium, which is grossly understaffed, "cure thyself" seems to be the motto. Nursing attention is at a minimum. Sometimes beds were not made for several days, only the top blankets being straightened. Bed patients often have to make their own beds. They also take their own temperatures—and worry over them. They also see their own case sheets, all heinous offences against the code of treatment of T.B. patients.

If a hot-water bottle needs filling they have to do it for themselves, even if it means getting out of bed and walking in pyjamas down long, cold corridors to the taps.

"It is useless to complain," says this correspondent. "A complaint is either hushed up or, if it does reach the Medical Superintendent, the complainer is hauled before him, not as a human being who wishes to state a case, but as a criminal who must be suppressed.

"Before many days are passed the patient who complains finds himself marked down for discharge, regardless of his fitness or otherwise. He is a 'trouble-maker.' There is no means of retaliation. And in the interests of his health, and because of his dependence on the authorities for care, he dare not quarrel with them.

Dismissal

Fellow-patients, fearing similar dismissal, dare not support him. Even if a complaint is made to a member of the committee, it is invariably referred at once to the M.S. and the usual dismissal follows. What can we do but suffer in silence?"

Here, again, as with the fever hospitals, we must limit ourselves, from reasons of space, to but a few instances of what is wrong, and a bare outline of the public grievances which exist. And we wish it to be clearly understood that we have not merely selected a few individual cases with which to belabour a whole system. The charges we make are matters of common knowledge to special hospital patients and staffs in many parts of the country.

The council-run special hospitals cannot plead the poverty excuse of the voluntaries for these evils and abuses. And where purblind meanness and dull bureaucratic mismanagement is a first cause, there is no need "to pull our punches."

We will, finally, say this. That if the promised official Hospitals Enquiry does not include the "special hospitals" within its scope—then the job will be only half done.

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LIQUID KEATING'S

BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories No. 136

BLOOD

LOOKING back on this story, now that it is all over, I wonder that such amazing things can still happen. But I can only say that it happened so recently that I have no inclination to mention names or places.

Four years ago I was in London, carrying on my business as second-hand dealer Trade was bad, I was on the verge of bankruptcy, and I had a small child and a sick wife to keep on the scant earnings of my little shop.

Then, as if things were not bad enough already, Fate handed me out the first of a series of hard blows. A man walked into my shop one day and told me that he had some things for sale. He made me a list of them—some binoculars, tropical clothing, a sextant and a revolver. I told him to bring them round and that if they were up to the description he gave me I would probably be able to allow him about £5 on them.

HE seemed quite grateful and began to talk of ——, the town from which he had just come, telling me that there was a lot of money to be made out there. He couldn't understand why anyone should go in for my line of business when fortunes were lying about the world waiting to be picked up.

He was not to know how his words had impressed me, and I had not the slightest hint of the way in which his chance visit would affect my life.

He came again the following day and brought in the articles he had mentioned. They were in good condition and I gave him what I had promised. He lingered on for a little while, talking again of the great possibilities out in ——, and by the time he left I was ready to close the shop.

I had put the articles on the counter and was examining them once more for the purpose of marking them and displaying them for sale, when my wife called me away for something.

I was talking to her in the kitchen, leaning against the dresser, when suddenly there was a loud report in the shop, followed by a pitiful cry. We rushed in and found our child dying on the floor, the revolver beside him.

I had not bothered to break open the gun, thinking naturally that it would not be loaded, and the child must have climbed up on the chair to play with it.

That was the beginning of the end. My wife never got over the shock of the child's death. Within six months I was on my own. I couldn't keep my mind on my business and nothing seemed worth while.

I grew to hate the stranger who was the indirect cause of it all. From the day he entered my shop nothing went right for me. Finally things got so bad that I realised I must sell up.

As I walked out of the place for the last time I knew what I was going to do. I was going abroad. I didn't much care what happened to me, and one place was as good as another, so I decided to try ——, the place which the stranger had talked about. I paid the fare with the proceeds of the sale and landed with just under £50 in my pocket.

I wandered round the town for two or three days, and, to my surprise, I noticed that there was no shop exactly like my old London business. I decided that if I could only get started I might well make a go of things.

So I hunted round, and after a while I found the very place I was looking for. Not too far away from the better class neighbourhood, but just far enough away for a reasonable rent. I outlayed part of my capital on a small stock of cheap, ready-made clothes and the usual odds and ends. The remainder I kept on the premises to pay out "Cash for second-hand goods," as advertised.

I did not do well. I got plenty of custom, but I never seemed to make any progress. The years passed and I was forced to realise that I was never going to do any good. This knowledge did not help things.

Business grew worse and my capital dwindled. The only things that seemed to go at all were second-hand clothes, and I got quite a name for that line of business.

Then, quite unexpectedly and startlingly it happened. A man strolled into the shop early one morning and flung a parcel on to the counter.

"What'll you give me on these?" he said. "It's a suit."

I looked at him as I untied the string. There was something about him that struck me as being vaguely familiar. He wore a bristly red beard and his eyes were lined and bleary. I saw at once that he was either very dissipated or really ill. He was certainly a little drunk.

I opened the parcel and looked at the clothes. They were good ones: a suit obviously made by a man who knew his job.

"Fifteen shillings," I said (or rather the equivalent of that amount in the currency of the country).

"Make it a pound," he said, "they're worth it."

"Fifteen shillings," I repeated. I was prepared to go up to 17s. 6d.

"All right," he said, and he held out his hand for the money.

I paid him and he strolled out of the shop. After he had gone I looked at the clothes again. It was indeed a good suit.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Brain and Strain

WHEN the sun is shining and everything seems to be conspiring to make us restless and discontented, we are apt to feel that work was invented by the devil to torment us, that it is a curse and a burden that in a properly constituted world would not be allowed to exist.

If we do ever think that, we are wrong. It is idleness that is the curse of mankind—not work.

Idleness never produced anything—not so much as one useful thought. Everything worth while has been accomplished through work. Civilisation itself is the product of unremitting labour.

If this seems self-evident when it is pointed out, never mind. Lots of things that are profoundly true are never given the least attention until they are pointed out.

Perhaps the most famous testimony of all is that of Charles Lamb, the famous man of letters. He was a clerk at the India Office, and he hated work. He wanted leisure. One day he was released from his toil.

"I am free! Free as air!" he wrote to a friend. "I would not go back to my prison ten years longer for ten thousand pounds."

Two years passed, and then Lamb wrote again to a friend. He had learned a lot. "I assure you no work is worse than overwork. The mind preys on itself—the most unwholesome of food. I have ceased to care for almost anything . . . what I can do, and overdo, is walk. I am a sanguinary murderer of time."

It is not work that is unhealthy. What is unhealthy is hopeless work, work done in a spirit of irritation, in an atmosphere of pessimism and rebellion and resentment.

MONEY

He brought in the articles, and I gave him what I promised. He lingered for a while . . .

London suit if ever there was one. nterested, I turned down the lining of he inside breast pocket to look for the aker's tab. It was missing. Cut out.

I thought this a bit strange and looked urther. There is always another name ab at the back of the trousers on the nside. That was missing too.

Another customer came in at that oment, and I put the clothes under he counter to serve him. After he had one I tried to recall where I had seen he bearded man before.

I knew that I *had* seen him before, but hen and where I could not remember. was still thinking about him that even- g, and though recollection was always ist at the back of my mind, I could not lace him.

THOUGH I did not realise it at the time, the newspaper supplied the third link to my ttle drama. There was a notice, in- erted by a clergyman, asking for in- rmation about a certain Mr. Miller.

I read the paragraph casually, won- ering whether it meant what it said or hether it was a form of private com- unication such as is used in the nglish personal columns.

It appeared that this Mr. Miller had ritten to the clergyman making an ppointment to call and see him, and ad never turned up. The clergyman as most anxious to get in touch with im.

The following day another notice ppeared. This time it was from the olice, asking anyone who knew of the hereabouts of Miller to communicate ith them.

I should probably never have thought nything more about the matter had it ot been for the suit of clothes. I was dying out the shop the next morning nd I stopped to have another look at hem.

The sight of them naturally reminded me of the bearded stranger, and in a second I knew where I had seen him before. *He was the man who had sold me the clothes and the gun in London!*

The realisation was a bit of a shock to me, I can tell you, and I stood for some time thinking as everything came back to me. Although I had no reason for ever wanting to see the man again, I felt a terrible curiosity to find out more about him: to know who he was and what he was doing.

Then, suddenly, I remembered something else. I picked up the waistcoat and looked inside the waistbelt at the back. And there was the name tab. *On it was written the name Miller!*

I couldn't think why any honest person should want to cut the name tabs out of his suit, but, in view of the notices in the paper, I decided that Miller was trying to hide. The fact that he was forced to sell such a good suit for so little money rather strengthened my theories.

At any rate, I felt it was up to me to inform the police that I had seen the man they were enquiring about, so I locked up the shop and walked down to the jail.

At the mention of the name Miller the policeman looked at me with interest.

"When did you see him?" he asked.

"Yesterday morning," I said. "He came into my shop and sold me a suit."

"What's he like?" said the policeman. "Can you describe him? Could you recognise him?"

"Certainly," I said. "He is a tall, thick-set fellow with a bristly red beard."

I saw the policeman start. And, even as I said it, I realised that there was something wrong. *I realised that the clothes which he had sold me were several sizes too small for such a big man!*

"A red beard?" he asked quietly. "Are you sure?"

"Positive," I said. "And, what's more, I have seen him before. In London."

"Come on," said the policeman, "let's get along to your shop."

We hurried back and I showed him the suit which the stranger had sold me. I pointed out where the names had been cut out and how I had looked for the one which he had overlooked.

"Smart work," he said. "If we can lay hands on this fellow, as we probably shall now, there is a reward of £1,000 going!"

"A thousand pounds!" I said. "What on earth for?"

"Bank robbery and murder!" he said. "We've been looking for him for nearly three years now. There will be other things too. He's in with a pretty tough gang by the look of things."

I had a pretty uneasy time during the next few days. Strange men kept coming and going from my shop, and I told them my whole story a dozen times, right from the day when I had first seen the man in London.

AND, fortunately, I was able to give them a fairly good description of him, both as he was then and as he looked after four years.

They caught him a few days later, just as he was crossing the border. He never knew who was responsible for his downfall, neither did anyone else, I am glad to say. But I should have liked to have let him know.

He was a very loathsome character, and, before he died, he confessed to his most despicable and latest crime—the one through which he was caught. He even boasted about it.

His plan was to entice rich men to come off with him on a mysterious errand, bringing cash, to examine a certain money-making proposition. Once he got them out of sight and in a quiet place, all he had to do was to get rid of them. No one would know where they had gone, because he would select his victims from distant places and insist on absolute secrecy.

Miller was his first victim. Heaven knows how many more would have gone the same way had he not been caught. His undoing was his love of fast living. He couldn't keep money.

Actually, had the unfortunate Miller not written to his clergyman friend, telling him he was visiting the district, the man might still be at large. For it was not so long ago.

I got the reward, and I felt it was a strange justice that made things work out as they did. He was the man who broke up my life, however indirectly, and he was the medium which put me on my feet again.

"The Greatest of These—"

A Boy's Appeal—

THIRTEEN-year-old Michael, when he was recently examined by the school doctor, was found to be in a very low state of health, and was ordered eggs, brown bread, fresh vegetables and plenty of milk. His low state of health is not due to negligence or want of affection on the part of his parents, but simply to poverty through misfortune.

The headmaster of Michael's school, who has known the boy's father for about seventeen years, affirms that "he has done his best to bring up and feed his six children," adding, "I fully and conscientiously believe you will be doing a great deal of good in helping this unfortunate man in his distress."

Michael's dad served in France for two years. Before enlistment he never had a day's illness; now he suffers from severe rheumatism which has affected his heart. He has been unable to work for nearly a year. Michael's mother suffers from an internal complaint, and is waiting to go into hospital.

In addition to Michael, there are five children. The eldest, a boy of fifteen, has been sent away through the unemployment scheme, his father having to clothe him. There is a girl of eleven, and three boys, aged eight, five and two years.

39s. a week is all that is coming in. 10s. goes in rent, and the remainder has to feed and clothe, provide light and firing for the family, three of whom are invalids requiring nourishing food and care.

Michael

Michael's mother is too ill to do any heavy housework, which means further expense. She and her husband sacrifice themselves to feed the children as best they can.

That, in bare outline, is the history of Michael's family.

Stanley's mother, for whom we appealed in our July 6 issue, says:—"I am writing to thank the readers of John Bull for the assistance we have received. It has been a great relief to me to be able to straighten things a little, as I was very worried. I shall be able to start again with a lighter heart. I wish it were possible for me to thank all those who helped with money and kind offers. Both my husband and myself greatly appreciate all that has been done for us."

Donations earmarked "Michael," or intended for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the Office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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—and digest it with ease."

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'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

HUMAN DOCUMENTS PROBED BY PHILIP INMAN

Some unreasonable parents regard children as investments. What chance has the young man who wants to marry when his father demands "repayment" in full for rearing him?

The GREEDY Parent

THERE are some parents who do too much for their children—there are others who expect their children to do too much for them. I know a father who made a careful note of everything his boy cost him—food, clothes, education, even holidays. And that lad, when he grew up, was expected to pay it all back with interest.

That is, of course, an exceptional case. But there are many parents who regard their children in the light of backing a horse. They expect the money they have put on them to come back at something like ten to one. Here is one woman, who writes:

"A bone of contention between my husband and me concerns our two daughters, both of whom are employed by the local Education Committee. They make me an allowance for their board and they have repaid the loan the committee granted towards the cost of their training. But my husband thinks they should give him back something every month in return for the expenses he has incurred on their behalf.

"They would be quite willing to help him if he needed it, but he is not in that distressing position and has been able to save for years which, of course, is to his credit. But I consider his present attitude is unreasonable. I feel that anything the girls can save should be put away for their own nest eggs. It would be very helpful to know what you feel about it."

I think my correspondent hits the nail on the head. She says "They would be quite willing to help him if he needed it." That is the right standpoint to adopt. I have nothing but contempt for those who refuse to hold out a helping hand to their parents in the hour of need. But I think this man is going too far.

After all, the girls seem to be doing their best. They have repaid the loan to the Education Committee and they pay for their keep at home. In the father's financial circumstances they should not be expected to do more. As the mother rightly says, they have their own future to consider. It is right that they should be able to save for that time. The father has obviously looked upon the money he has expended on their behalf as an investment which should bring in a good return.

IT would be interesting to know whether he paid back all the debt he owed to his parents. And, after all, the best return he can have is a happy home, the love of his wife and the respect of his children. I agree, therefore, with the attitude taken up by my correspondent.

In my next case, the conditions are not quite the same. This time the letter comes from a young man, and he says:

"I am employed as a motor driver and I earn an average wage of £3 a week during the summer and £4 during the winter. Unfortunately, my father and brother are both out of work and nearly all my money has to be given up to help to keep our large family, of which I am the eldest.

"Last October I became engaged and we hoped to get married next Christmas, but now that seems impossible. I have only managed to save £10 during the last twelve months, and so we have not much prospect of buying the furniture we shall need. I have explained all this to my young lady, but she does not like the idea of our waiting any longer. She feels that we ought to marry and each of us go out to work so that we can fight for our future home together.

"She is at present living at home and receives 5s a week for helping her parents, and we are both nearly twenty-three years old."

People in love are seldom very practical. And I don't think much of this girl's suggestion. It is all very well for her to talk of going out to work when she is married. What would she do? What experience or training has she for any employment? If she can find work, it would be better for her to do so now and, with her young man, save together for their future home. They are both reasonably young and it would not hurt them to wait, say, for eighteen months or even two years.

By that time they should have sufficient to help them to start on the right lines. If they married now, the danger is that they would soon run into debt. And that would quickly lead to trouble.

Now I turn to the other side of this young man's problem. He wants, of course, to help his parents during their present straightened circumstances. But he can't be expected to shoulder the entire burden for ever. I think this is the line he should take: Let him tell his father and his mother that he has put off his marriage for at least twelve months. During that time he will remain at home and help them as much as possible.

But he will expect that a reasonable proportion of his wages shall be kept by him for his own use. It may be that his father or his brother or both of them will soon find work and that should ease his burden still more. In any case, by acting in this way, he is showing consideration to his parents, preparing wisely for his marriage and not asking anything unreasonable of his girl.

My first problem concerned two single girls; my second one a young engaged couple. Now let us turn to the difficulty experienced by one who signs his letter "Newly-Wed." This is what he says:

"Recently I married a girl I deeply love, but it seems that our joy will only be short-lived. We are both working and my wife earns the same as I do, namely, just over £2 a week. Now I have just found out that she made a promise to her parents before we were married, that she would give them her wages for another twelve months or until her father found work. Now our combined wages would be ample for the two of us, and I feel that while she is earning it is her duty to contribute to our own home.

"The position looks hopeless to me, as her father is quite an old man, whose working days are probably over. I feel it is unfair, because he has three sons who club together to give him £1 a week, and I think he should be able to manage without my wife's money. This difference is causing us to quarrel and except for it we could be very happy."

NOW, in my opinion, the wife of my correspondent has made two mistakes. She should never have entered into an arrangement of this kind without telling her husband all about it. And she should certainly not have agreed to give the whole of her wages to her parents. It seems to me entirely unreasonable to expect her to continue to do so.

I can appreciate her desire to help them, but if her three brothers pay, in the aggregate, £1 a week or an average of 6s. 8d. each, why should she be expected to give "just over £2." I think she might agree to do the same as the rest. After all, she must now consider her own home and the possibility of children coming to them. I am told that the father is an old man. Is he not entitled to the old-age pension?

With that and the assistance of his four children he ought to be able to manage quite comfortably. My correspondent talks about his married happiness being only short-lived. He must not anticipate trouble. This cloud that has darkened his horizon will soon blow away if he and his wife show the same consideration for each other as they did during the days of courtship.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

DON JUAN MAJOR

THAT infamous marriage hoaxer, "Major" Herbert Andrew White, whose long career of fraud has been exposed in our columns, has made another of his police court appearances.

On this occasion, White was before the Brighton Bench charged with failing to maintain his elderly wife. White was arrested on a warrant for this offence on his release from prison after serving a sentence of six months.

For more than a year, White has failed to contribute any money to the support of his wife, whom he deserted. While his wife was in poverty, the bogus major pursued his noxious adventures with other women; proposing marriage to them, robbing them of their savings and then making a sudden disappearance.

We are glad to see that the Brighton magistrates took a firm line with the rogue. Unless White pays up the arrears of his wife's maintenance, he will go to prison again for another two months with hard labour.

A LOT OF WHAT THEY LIKE...

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Especially if it's Kellogg's Corn Flakes! And who wouldn't like these crisp, tasty corn flakes—kept always oven-fresh and delicious by the special inner-sealed WAXTITE bag.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are especially tasty with cold milk or cream or with a bit of fruit added. They do not tax the digestion. No cooking. Ready to serve.

There is no more economical or suitable everyday food than this crisp, wholesome cereal—a single packet gives ten generous helpings. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Reject substitutes.

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£4,000 Won in Crossword Competition No. 314.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from 30 competitors, who share the £1,800 offered.

Armitage, G., 17, Rivera Terr., Hunts Lane, Doncaster; Ashworth, Mrs., 10, Snellman Rd., Crewe; Baker, W. P., 15, Shrubbery Rd., Gravesend; Ball, S., 5, Springfield Rd., Bangor, Co. Down; Bean, W., 22, Armley Grange Oval, Leeds 12; Charlton, J., 15, Tweed Terr., Stanley, Co. Durham; Couch, Mrs. E., 27, Gloucester St., Devonport; Dann, W. L., 72, Queen's Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Dickinson, J., Mill Cott., Stocks Lane, Penketh, Warrington; Dorrington, L., The Rosary, Brookhill Ave., Harrow Weald; Dunn, W. P., 89, Danson Lane, Welling, Kent; Eccles, Mrs. E., 5, Greenfield Rd., Little Sutton, Ches.; Fox, Mrs. E., 8, Greenheys Rd., Liverpool, 8; Harrison, G., 28, Clifton Rd., Darlington; Hewings, F. J., 136, Llantarnam Rd., Cwmbran, Mon.; Howarth, Mrs. I. A., 1, Highfield Drive, Broughton, Preston; Hughes, Mrs. M. I. D., 1, Wood Hill Place, Bath; Joy, E. P., 56, Raymond Cres., Dennisville, Guildford; Knowles, Mrs., 21, Springwood St., Ramsbottom, Manchester; McRory, Miss A., 151, Cavendish St., Belfast; Pearson, H., 28, Dales View Rd., Ipswich; Priestley, Miss L., Beestonley, Stainland, Halifax; Rutledge, Mrs. E., 50, Simonburn Ave., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Sayer, M. s B., 16, Townsend Lane, Anfield, Liverpool 6; Slater, H., 4, Welbeck St., Cresswell, nr. Mansfield; Taylor, M. s A., 45, Granville Ave., Manor Park, Slough; Utley, G. W., 27, Tom Lane, Crosland Moor, Huddersfield; Warner, J., 3, Langton St., Poplar, E.14; White, Miss L., 26, Walmer Rd., Fratton, Portsmouth; Williams, Miss M., Mediart, Heather Rd., Newport, Mon. Subject to the conditions of the Competition, £116 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 20, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solution and Postal Order number. Registered Envelope—marked Scrutiny—addressed to Competition Editor "John Bull." No scrutiny undertaken in connection with the Award of £500 to Runners-up. 397 competitors who sent solutions containing one error will each receive £1 5s. 2d. List can be seen at "John Bull" offices. All have been notified.

★ **£250 Cash for only 3 words!**

HERE'S another magnificent opportunity to win £250 first prize in the 5th Great Nestle's Milk Chocolate Contest announced on p. 27. For only 3 words, this wonderful Cash prize and 352 others from £50 (2nd prize) downwards amounting in all to over £450, must be won in this simple NESTLET Competition. Aptness, originality and wit will count in awarding the prizes. You can send in as many entries as you like, provided you comply with the simple conditions. At least one entry must be sent on one of the coupons appearing in the competition announcement on p. 27. Further entries can be sent in on plain paper, which must bear your name and address. Forward your entries now, which must be sent in by August 17, 1935.

TURN TO PAGE 27 and ENTER THE NESTLET CONTEST NOW!

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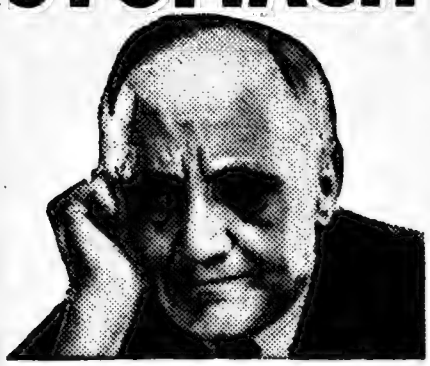
60 MILLION LEMONS USED YEARLY

SOUR STOMACH



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SOUR TEMPER

You can't feel cheerful when your food lies heavy as lead—when acids are inflaming the lining of your stomach—when nerves are irritated and brain fogged by impurities deposited by your blood. For four generations the tried and trusted treatment for Sour Stomach is Beechams Pills. Beechams Pills cleanse your blood, sweeten sour stomach, overcome constipation, and soon get your digestion into "good working order."

FOR ALL STOMACH TROUBLES

TAKE Beechams Brand PILLS

Worth A Guinea A Box

And We Call It a HEAT WAVE!!

We grumble 83 in the shade. But this Australian "copper" knows what it is to be really hot

"THE hottest place in Britain yesterday was ——, where at one time during the afternoon the temperature reached 83 degrees in the shade."

What pictures of broiled and sweltering Britons are conjured up by such a paragraph as that. What visions of peevish fathers and harassed mothers in excursion trains. What talk of "the hottest day yet."

No wonder an occasional holiday-maker with the skin of a much-seasoned traveller smiles at such things. He knows the hot spots of the world.

What would people who have never known anything hotter than London during a heat-wave say if they had to live where the air is so blisteringly hot that to fan it would make it hotter still, where the muscles refuse to act or the brain to think, and where no one may walk more than a few hundred yards in the full heat of day?

Food blacked out with flies within a second of being put on the table, blocks of ice, if procurable, melted to lukewarm water within a short time of being taken from the refrigerator, prickly heat stabbing the body into red rawness that threatens to become septic at the touch of the filthy dust that comes up in clouds.

What would stay-at-home Englishmen say if they could be dumped on the burning plains of the Punjab in northern India—say, at Sialkot or Ferozepore, both military stations—about this time of year? The temperature there frequently exceeds 120 in the shade.

With the approach of the June-July monsoons strange things begin to happen The temperature, already so high that food falls cooked and semi-liquid from the tin, being nevertheless preferable to "fresh" food that could never be fresh for long, mounts and mounts to an insufferable degree.

Then, as the barometer suddenly falls 25 points with a bump, the world becomes strangely silent. Kite-hawks, jackals, bird and animal life of all kinds, seem to disappear from the face of the earth. Not a blade or leaf stirs. The pause is so complete that you can fancy the world has stopped turning in the heavens.

Monsoon

One is seized with a feeling both of depression and oppression. Even the appearance in the ghostly still air of mountains as much as 300 miles away adds to the feeling of foreboding.

Black and forbidding sandstorms loom up, blanketting out the terrible sun, yet making the heat greater, smarting the eyes, spoiling food—septicæmia in cloud formation. The beds of dried-up irrigation-canals crack ominously. And then . . .

The heavens literally open as the monsoon breaks. The countryside becomes a sea. The terrors of drought are transformed into the terrors of flood in a trice.

Yet *we* grumble at an uneventful 83 in the shade!

Truly Britons who stay at home have no idea of the terrible discomforts of tropical heat. Let them listen to this first-hand description of a hot day in Australia, for instance. The place is New South Wales.

Babies wrapped in wet towels and deliberately left in the draughts between doors and windows to save their lives. Melted butter fed to infants of such an age that they should be having the most carefully chosen baby-foods. Water at 2s 6d. a bucket.

Grass burnt up to powder, and the trees have to be lopped down so that the sheep can live on the leaves. These sheep actually get to know the sound of an axe, and go rushing like mad things to the source of such sounds.

And beneath hot roofs—sometimes iron roofs—housewives cook and launder, and even bake their own bread, in an effort to do what their mothers taught them was their duty to home and husband.

How few people realise that summer temperatures regularly soar to over 100 in the shade over hundreds of thousands of square miles of Australia—sometimes touching 118—so that those vast tracts are regarded as land that will never be fit for occupation by the white men who rule it.

There are hotter places in the world—judged by thermometer alone. But they usually attract cool and moist air from the sea at night. Not so Central Australia, however, the land mass being so big and the configuration such that at some few hundreds of miles from the coast the sea ceases to help.

Heat plays many other strange tricks. . . . In Arabia—on Britain's air route to India and Australia—and where temperatures of 130 degrees in the shade have been known, the thermometer has been known to fall 60 degrees in a quarter of an hour. The difference between the hottest and coldest days of an English year is rarely as much as that.

Who wonders why the Arabs of those parts are a hardy people? The weaklings die off early in such pneumonia weather.

The worst

Egypt and the north coast of Africa are noted for the worst of those mirages that lure travellers to their death. The road along the Persian Gulf to India for that strangest of all phenomena, inversions of heat.

There may be cold, freezing winds playing round the knees when the heat is blistering and insufferable at the height of the head. And another curiosity is the rivers that never reach the sea, that get smaller and smaller as they progress and then fade away.

Nor is the thermometer the true index to the discomforts of a tropical day.

A mere 110 in the shade in Aden, built as it is on volcanic rock, is worse than 120 and 125 in some parts of Africa where the tall elephant grass defies the heat.

There are cooler parts of West Africa where the temperature rarely exceeds 100 in the shade, and yet, because of their swampy and low-lying nature, they are the worst fever-spots of the world.

No, don't imagine the romantic desert is anything like it is painted in romantic songs about golden sands and camel bells.

A handful of sand in the hottest weather may be—and usually is—packed with millions of insects. It is so highly septic that a rubbed foot should have immediate medical attention. Away from the big houses and hotels food is rarely palatable and drink neither plentiful nor cool.

Native laundrymen will certainly collect your laundry and deliver it within two hours radiantly white. But unfortunately colour fabrics, too, are apt to come back radiantly white. The sun is a great bleacher.

Clock-work fly-traps, one of which will collect a thousand buzzing pests in an hour, are better wedding presents than any cruet or case of spoons. And mosquito nets are necessities.

So remember these things during our own "heat-waves"—and then enjoy the delights of England at 80 in the shade.

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Autumn Double

ENTRIES for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, which are to hand, show how the Flat season flashes by.

The back-end, or Autumn double, formed by the popular Newmarket events, offers punters a small fortune for a modest outlay—if the winners can be spotted.

A big "if," this, but it can be done.

Last year Enfield—one of the JOHN BULL selections—took the long-distance race and Wychwood Abbot—a JOHN BULL nap—won the Cambridgeshire.

I mentioned last week that J. R. Smith would go close for the Cesarewitch. He will, but ante-post bettors must not miss Cottrill's pair, Doreen Jane and Hoplite. Of the two I prefer Doreen Jane.

Cottrill bought this mare after she had captured a long-distance selling race at Sandown Park and then won the Ascot Stakes with her.

It is curious that, a few years ago, he also purchased Miss Sport after she had won the identical Sandown Park race, and went on to annex the Ascot prize.

Miss Sport ran second in the Cesarewitch a few months later; Doreen Jane may go one better for the capable Lambourn trainer. Anyway, my three against the field, at the moment, are Doreen Jane, J. R. Smith, and Hoplite.

The Cambridgeshire does not look so "easy," but, taking a dive in the dark, I choose Law Court, a model of consistency; Law Maker, possessor of a home reputation; and Theft.

I must say, however, that I am more confident over the Cesarewitch.

At Lewes this week-end Lance-Corporal Sammy and Straight Home should be noted.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 8, to Wednesday, August 14.

W N 96 S O Y 97 L V H J I 95 G E D
X U Z 93 B A K R 98 T F 94 M P Q C

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: JRY95QUDB would read FLAMENCO. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. PLQ2UBLQ would read GREENORE.

Whatever the pleasure
PLAYER'S complete it

This fellow knows what's good . . . . see how he enjoys those biscuits! . . . . it's great fun watching . . . . and as you light up a Player another joyous moment becomes complete.

EVERYWHERE, EVERYTIME Player's Please EVERYONE

N.C.C 297 G

What I Do For A Greasy Skin

My dear, it's simple—why! greasy skin is the ideal on which to build a perfect complexion. Modern treatment and especially the new Staymat Face Powder make this simple. The shine stops at once and, bit by bit, as you continue, the skin improves till you will show a complexion that will make those poor women who have to tackle dry skin problems green with envy.

This new Staymat Powder is used just like any other good powder, but actually it is quite different. It contains three special ingredients. First—Peroxide—this helps close the pores and reduce enlarged ones—Peroxide also controls the flow of grease to the surface. Second—Magnesia, which corrects acidity. Acidity is the regular cause of excess grease and often of all sorts of skin trouble. Last—a wonderful flower extract—this blends with any grease which does reach the surface, and, acting like petal bloom, breaks it up so finely that it becomes non-reflecting and cannot possibly shine.

If you will only make a regular practice of using Staymat Face Powder you will soon find how simple it is to turn greasy or shiny skin into the most adorable matt complexion.

By arrangement with the manufacturers you can obtain a free sample of this remarkable new face powder. Fill in the coupon below, enclose 1½d. stamp and post to:

F. HELEN MARION,
204, Gt. Portland Street,
London, W.1.

F. HELEN MARION.
Please send sample of Staymat Face Powder to:

Name.....

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Shade required .....

LEG TROUBLES!

Accept this Free Offer

★ Banish your leg pains and leg troubles by accepting the generous sample of 'Elasto,' a remedy for all leg troubles and kindred ailments which is offered on the back cover. Together with the sample will be sent Free Booklet and copies of recent testimonials. Turn to the Back Cover now and fill in the Coupon for Sample and full particulars of this remedy. **See Back Cover.**

BAD CIRCULATION & RHEUMATISM

WONDERFUL RECOVERY AFTER TWO YEARS' SUFFERING!

Miss E. Sharp, 8 Heyes St., Appley Bridge, nr. Wigan, writes:—"I have been suffering for two years from **Rheumatism and Bad Circulation and could not walk nor sleep. My fingerends used to go dead, and I had no use in my limbs. I was stated to be incurable. I started to take Vitadatio, and after three doses I could feel the circulation moving. After taking 10 bottles, to everyone's surprise, I can now walk and do my own work, and friends stand staring when they see me normal once again. I recommend Vitadatio wherever I go. There is nothing on this earth to equal it."**

If you are a Sufferer, Get a Bottle To-day!

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET & TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, post 6d. extra in U.K. Special £2/- Export Bottles, post free from VITADATIO No. 121. ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Olympiad of the DEAF

These boys at a deaf and dumb school find that in most sports, at least, they can meet their fellows on equal terms. The great Olympiad on August 22 will bring scores of deaf athletes in competition with one another

ON the evening of August 22 the famous Arsenal Stadium will ring to the encouraging cheers of ten thousand spectators, on the occasion of that other Cup Final—the knock-out competition between teams of deaf footballers from all parts of the world.

Although the majority of the players will be stone deaf they will play "to the whistle." There is one sound able to penetrate their deafness—a particularly high range note produced on a special whistle.

To some of the players even this sound will be inaudible. They will nevertheless be very little handicapped, for such is their power of perception that the slightest movement of the face muscles of the other players—the attitude of their limbs—the least change of expression—is instantly noted.

Whenever the referee stops the game these players will be aware of it only a fractional part of a second later than their colleagues.

Week of sport

For a week—beginning on Saturday, August 17—London will be invaded by deaf athletes from all parts of the world. Sixteen nations are sending representatives, and amongst them are Finns, Germans, Italians, Poles, Dutch, Belgians, Swedes, Japanese, and Americans. They will take part in a week of sport and games, socials and dancing.

It will be the first occasion on which England has acted as host—although it is the fourth of the series of International Games for the Deaf to be organised, previous meetings having been held at Paris, Nuremberg, and Amsterdam.

There are forty thousand stone deaf people in England alone—and an estimated number of two millions throughout the world. Although only one person in every thousand is stone deaf—one in every three or four are in some degree afflicted with deafness.

There are few pastimes open to the deaf. The arrival of the "Talkies" and the subsequent conversion of the silent kinemas, whilst it spelt progress to the greater part of the population, was a tragedy for them. It meant the closing of one more door.

The Games will open with a cycle race of fifty miles and will be followed by athletics—running, jumping, and the usual field events—at the White City. On Sunday there will be a special service at St. Paul's, with a sermon given in the deaf and dumb language, whilst the Games will come to an end with a final dinner and a dance.

Indeed, one of the favourite amusements of the deaf is dancing. Although they cannot hear a note that is played by the band, onlookers are astounded at their proficiency and the almost uncanny sense of time they keep.

The band is usually composed of a pianist and drummer—the latter being almost essential, for the deaf dance not by ear, but by feeling and vibration.

The band pays particular attention to the rhythm of the dance it is playing. The tune is unimportant. The rhythm communicates itself to the dancers in the form of vibration waves along the floor. They feel the *tempo* of the dance through their feet.

In the same way many deaf people are enabled to "feel" music. By touching a piano which is being played the more sensitive are actually able to enjoy it. An even better medium for the transmission of sound waves are the teeth. By lightly touching the piano a deaf person can obtain a very clear impression of the rhythm.

An advantage

At tennis, cricket, bowls, running, and swimming the deaf suffer no handicap. They are able at last to compete on level terms with those who can hear. In many cases their deafness is actually an advantage in the playing of games.

With the deadening of one sense compensation is provided by the greater development of others. The concentration of a deaf man is unique. For this reason he is particularly good at such games as chess and draughts.

Bridge is another game at which the deaf excel. Those who hear perfectly mistakenly forget that the deaf are peculiarly quick of eye. The slightest change of expression, possibly unnoticeable to most, is obvious to them.

Deafness at bridge can be a real advantage. Few people have genuine "poker" faces. To the perceptive deaf the play of his opponents can be an open book. He may not play better than the others—but their faces proclaim their "hands"—a very useful factor in the game.

It is through sport that the deaf approach nearer to normality and complete happiness than in any other occupation. They lose that intolerable sense of loneliness—that feeling of being cut off and apparent lack of sympathy from those who are unable to appreciate the full horror of their position.

Many noises are "heard" by the deaf through vibration. On the athletic field a runner who is leading will know at once when he is about to be challenged by an opponent—and the almost exact distance behind him of the other runners. The vibration of their footfalls on the turf tells him all he wants to know.

Refused cure

There have been many famous athletes in every branch of sport who were stone deaf. Their secret was perhaps revealed by Thomas Edison, the famous scientist—who became stone deaf when a young boy. At that time he sold newspapers on the Grand Trunk Railway. One day he offended a guard who picked him up by the ears and shook him. As a result both ear drums were broken.

Some years later a young inventor came to him and begged him to try his new invention by which he was sure Edison could be completely cured. The latter refused. "I prefer to let well alone," he said, "As it is, I can concentrate. If I recovered my hearing there would be many things to distract me—and a lot of useless talking."

That the deaf by concentration can triumph over their affliction is proved by the hundreds of deaf motorists who use the roads and are rarely involved in accidents. Their powers of observation are usually keener than those of the average motorist—and, more important still, being unable to drive by the horn, they have to be continually on the alert.

There is another side. There are many deaf who through their affliction are permanently unemployed and permanently isolated. It is primarily for these that the International Games are organised.

In their enjoyment of these and the subsequent social intercourse between the deaf of all nations they are enabled to forget their affliction, to make new friends, and to remind those who can hear of the existence in England of 40,000 people permanently cut off from them in the ordinary relations of life.

HIS HOME . .

IT would be hard to find an exact definition of the magic word "home." The dictionary fails dismally with "a dwelling-place, a fixed residence." A Blackburn reader has got much nearer to the true meaning in a letter describing a terrible hour in his life. Fire blazed through his house. . . .

"Our home, practically all we had worked for and taken a pride in, wrecked . . .", he writes.

Then he tells us the tragic story, of a crackling sound downstairs that aroused him during the night, and the horror of finding that the living room was already a furnace.

He tells us that it would have taken years to have got that home together again *if*—and we pass that "if" on to you.

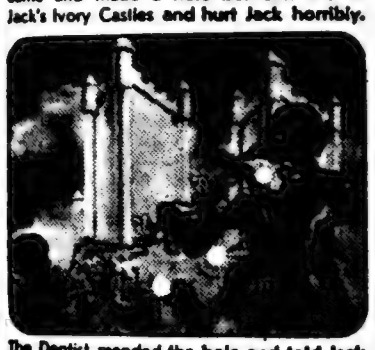
He had signed the coupon which qualified him for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free insurance scheme, and so we paid for the damage to his property.

Think of the home you have worked for, and in which you take such pride. Think what as small a thing as a spark could do to it. Then make up your mind to sign the coupon that meant so much to this man, and which is reprinted to-day on page 34.

Jack knows there are holidays and holidays

One year Jack thought he'd have a holiday from cleaning his teeth. He kept the Gibbs Fairies shut up in their box.

He didn't have the fun he expected. Decay came and made a hole between two of Jack's Ivory Castles and hurt Jack horribly.



The Dentist mended the hole and told Jack the way to keep Decay away. Now Decay cannot get at Jack's Ivory Castles, because—

—Twice every day Jack uses Gibbs Dentifrice. His castles are always gleaming white and polished and he is happy and strong.

Gibbs Dentifrice is the best, most convenient, most economical tooth cleanser in the world. Gibbs kills germs in a few seconds; cleans scrupulously; polishes brilliantly and safely; purifies the mouth. The solid form is especially handy for children and when travelling. Change to Gibbs today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS.
SOLID CAKES in Tins, 7½d, 1/-, 1/6. Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE in Tubes • • • 6d & 1/-

GD 1813

Over £450 for 3-word NESTLETS

£250 FIRST PRIZE!

£50	£20	50 PRIZES OF £1
2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE	100 „ „ 10/-
		200 „ „ 5/-

USE THESE EXAMPLES

NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE	LITTLE MARY'S FAVOURITE
MAKES HOLIDAYS ENJOYABLE	ANOTHER FOR BETTY
TAKEN ON BEACH	WILLY TUCKS IN
PASS TO MOTHER	HAPPINESS AROUND BLOCK
PEACE FOR FATHER	CAN'T BE OVERLOOKED
BRING IT HOME	FILL UP HERE
WELL DONE UNCLE	DOWN THE LANE
READY ON DEMAND	HAVE SOME MORE

You can win one of these splendid cash prizes—with three-words! Just look at the examples on the right. Three words added to any one of these phrases and you may receive a cheque for £250 within a few days!

Make up your mind to try for one of the 353 cash prizes offered in the 5th great NESTLETS contest opening to-day. A few minutes concentration will give you the inspiration, and it may mean twenty pounds, fifty pounds, or two hundred and fifty pounds for you! A good idea is to start the family off on NESTLET-making. *It costs you nothing to enter*—merely wrappers from the smoothest, milkiest milk chocolate in the world—and NESTLÉ'S is sheer goodness for your money at any time. Once you all get busy making snappy three-word phrases to fit the entertaining examples, you'll be surprised how soon you have three or four "winners"!

What to do . . NESTLETS are simply 3-word phrases added to the Examples given. You use the same initials as those in the 3-word examples, though not of necessity in the same order, and make an apt, original, or witty 3-word phrase to complete the Example.

For instance, the Examples NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE gives the initials N M C—and using these in slightly different order suggests NICE CREAMY MUNCH as a suitable NESTLET. Study the Examples and pick out one or two which appeal to you. Set down the initials of each and consider what three further words they suggest, remembering that aptness, originality and wit are the tests. No reference need be made to Nestlé's Milk Chocolate. When you have the phrase, polish it until you are sure you are making the most out of it.

Send in as many of your attempts as you please—but each must be accompanied by the wrapper from a ½ lb. block of NESTLE'S Milk Chocolate (or two wrappers from ¼ lb. blocks or four wrappers from 2 oz. bars).

READ THESE RULES FIRST

1. Each NESTLET must be sent in with your name and address and wrappers from one ½ lb., or two ¼ lb., or four 2 oz. blocks of NESTLE'S Milk Chocolate. You may send in as many NESTLETS as you wish in one envelope, but there must be a complete wrapper for each, and at least one entry must be on one of the coupons from this announcement. Extra entries may be sent in on separate sheets of paper, bearing your name and address.
2. All NESTLETS will be examined. The judges appointed by the makers of NESTLÉ'S Chocolate will award the first prize of £250 for the NESTLET which in their opinion is the best. The second and third prizes and remaining 350 awards will be given in order of merit.
3. The decision of the judges appointed by the makers of NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE on all matters relating to NESTLETS is final and legally binding and acceptance of this is a condition of entry. NESTLETS for this competition must be received not later than Aug. 17, and must be addressed to: "Nestlet's" Competition, Dept. JBS, Silverthorne Road, Battersea, S.W.8. This competition applies only in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland. Employees of NESTLÉ'S or associated companies and members of their families are not eligible

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

COUPON NO. 1

Example.....

"Nestlet".....

.....

J.B. 5. I agree to abide by the rules of the competition.

Name.....

Address.....

COUPON NO. 2

Example.....

"Nestlet".....

.....

J.B. 5. I agree to abide by the rules of the competition.

Name.....

Address.....

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Don't delay - start TO-DAY

The "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Try these 3 Face Powder Tests

1 THE "BITE" TEST

Grind a pinch of powder between your front teeth. If there is any trace of grit you feel it instantly as sand in your food.

2 THE "FINGER AND THUMB" TEST

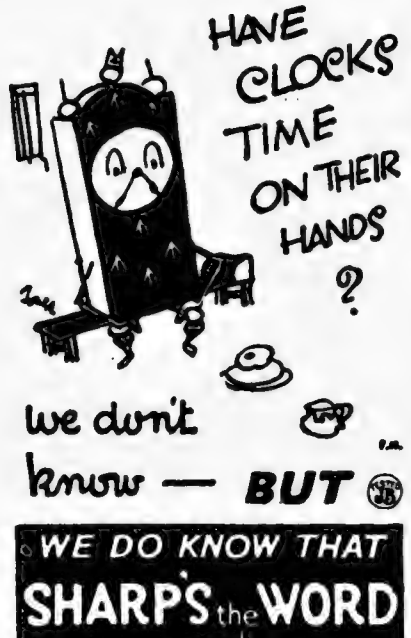
Rub a little powder between your finger and thumb—you will tell instantly whether it is fine and light or coarse and rough.

3 THE "SHINY NOSE" TEST

Apply powder once in the morning. If it contains 'Mousse of Cream' your nose will not need re-powdering during the rest of the day.

Blackheads and enlarged pores and all sorts of ugly skin blemishes are caused by gritty face powder. Poudre Tokalon contains no gritty particles to irritate the delicate skin pores because it is *seven times silk sifted*. Poudre Tokalon is the only powder which contains Mousse of Cream (patent process). This makes it stay on 5 times as long as ordinary powders; makes it cling to the skin in all weathers and while dancing for hours in the hottest room.

Say good-bye to-day to ugly shine; farewell to that heavily powdered, 'made-up' look. Poudre Tokalon will give you a flattering 'dull finish' complexion that lasts all day—a fascinating loveliness that few men can resist—and a *natural looking* beauty because the powder itself is practically invisible on the skin. 6d. and 1/- a box.



E.D. SHARP & SONS, LTD., Maidstone.

ISLE of Shattered Hopes

"ALL passengers muster in first-class smoke room. Bring your passports."

On every passenger ship approaching New York harbour that notice is displayed long before the liner has checked the speed of her ocean crossing.

Then a tender laden with grim-visaged American officials—and American officials *can* look grim—draws alongside.

"First-class smoke room, everybody . . ." is bellowed through every hole and corner of the ship. And then the only real ordeal of a journey to America begins.

Ellis Island—or free admission to the Land of Liberty? That's what depends on the subsequent examination by those glum-looking officials with faces like that of the Sphinx. No wonder that even passengers with the best reputations in the world, with passports that are perfectly in order, look worried.

See the scene as it must have been witnessed the other day by the sister of Lord Revelstoke, Mrs. Calypso Liddell, who was travelling with her four children.

The officials, six or seven in number, would be sitting at a long table built up out of several of the smaller tables that abound on ocean liners. Before them would be a pile of papers.

PRACTISED travellers know that there are private reports on certain passengers among those papers—secret documents that mean that admission to America is refused, and that an enforced journey home must follow a stay on notorious Ellis Island. They edge forward to the chief official, and his bundle of papers, nervously.

"Mrs. Calypso Liddell and children," was called. That's how they always read the name from the passport and other documents. And there was, she maintains, a secret report concerning her from a source in England that she may never discover.

So the most serious-looking official of all said: "Ellis Island." Passengers following in the queue looked at her with heartfelt sympathy. And to Ellis Island she and her children went.

Well, it was for a very short space of time, as it happened. The charge that she was stealing her children out of England permanently could not be sustained. A special board of enquiry—always summoned at an hour's notice in the case of special difficulty—exonerated her from any such accusation. She was admitted for six months—her children for one year.

Minor ailments discovered by an inspector can be enough to ensure a stay on Ellis Island!

BUT it isn't always like that.

Ellis Island can be Heartbreak Island, as thousands upon thousands of would-be immigrants, buoyed up with the hope that they would be able to start life afresh in a new country, have discovered since the war. It has been the Isle of Shattered Hopes to myriads.

Shortage of money, some such minor ailment as a flutter of the heart, a moral lapse away back in Europe, no matter how long ago if it has reached the ears of the American authorities—these are merely a few of the hundreds of reasons why admission to America may be refused.

A girl is travelling with a male companion—a good girl, with every reason to look the whole world in the face. No, he is not her husband, nor her fiancé either. You see, she is quite honest.

And because she is, she must go to Ellis Island, and then back to England. It has often happened.

An earnest young man who has declared his political convictions from a platform in London—convictions not a whit more extreme than those of the average Socialist—is asked a pert question about Russia. He answers that the Russian system appears to be quite an interesting sort of experiment, as he sees it. Then he must say whether he will dare utter such sentiments in America.

He will, and he says so cheerfully. And so back to England he, too, must go.

They all meet at Ellis Island. You see some widely varying types there.

There was, for instance, Miss Una O'Connor, the well-known English actress, who was going to Hollywood to take a highly remunerative part in Noel Coward's "Cavalcade." The line of officials on her boat taxed her with having a weak heart, which she denied.

"It will look all right if you collapse and become a charge on our public funds," they said.

Now it was most obvious that if Miss O'Connor had been taken ill, she would have been well able to pay for her own treatment until such time as she could get back home, which would have been her obvious course. It was quite obvious, too, that she was never likely to be a pauper, ill or well.

Yet she had to go to Ellis Island, and might have had a long stay there preparatory to being returned to England if a medical examination had not shown that her heart was normal in every way.

A former British M.P. was questioned there as to his convictions.

But they were only doing what they did to a former Premier of Albania, who, they felt sure, might be a dangerous political fanatic, although he was only going there to take charge of a Greek church at Boston.

There are people who seem to spend half their lives at Ellis Island. Hugh McLeod, a Scotsman, is one. Divided from his American wife and their children by a system that is cruel to people such as they, whatever the necessities there are for it, he has five times gone to America as a stowaway, to be five times detained on Ellis Island and then booted out.

Sir Ernest Oppenheimer's sister-in-law, Mrs. Beatrice Oppenheimer, was there as recently as a few weeks ago. On a world cruise, she was unfortunate enough to drop her passport overboard at Jamaica while pointing laughingly at the antics of some dolphins.

Perhaps the officials who visited her ship thought this sounded incredible, for they said at once, "Ellis Island."

But fortunately for her, the purser had copied all the details of her passport, including her number. There was the usual committee of enquiry, but the purser's evidence was enough. She was not sent out of the country.

All that is within Ellis Island's recent history.

THEY were supposed to have humanised it in 1930. In 1932 an American committee that investigated conditions found it still a place to be criticised. "Very dreary, smelly and unattractive," is how one member put it.

Yet although the days have gone when immigrants were herded through its gates in thousands to be labelled like cattle and pushed through to join all types of humanity in A or G or Z or some other block, it is still no place for even ordinarily cultured people.

Looking for all the world like an English prison hacked away from the Mother Country together with the ground it covers, and then floated on the doorstep of New York, its very appearance appals.

No wonder people get nervous when they face those grim-looking officials who board ships approaching New York. Supposing they should say "Ellis Island."

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Petersen has in the past had more POWDER in that right hand."

PALMERS GREEN AND SOUTHGATE GAZETTE:—"A beautiful FLOCK of flats."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"Soon the sound of horse's HOOFS rings on the gravel paths."

WATERLOO AND CROSBY HERALD:—"Brilliant flashes of THUNDER were almost simultaneous."

THE DEREHAM AND FAKENHAM TIMES AND JOURNAL:—"——'s RUM scoring form continues."

WESTMINSTER RECORD:—"They wore dainty FLOUZED skull caps."

THE SUNDAY REFEREE:—"Thirty-three per cent. of MALE Frenchmen."

FAMOUS SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS Say

No need to suffer any longer with SORE, TIRED FEET.

Corns and Foot Misery positively ENDED!

A. D. Nourse, son of the famous "Dave" Nourse, ran into form as soon as he arrived in England. A fine batsman, with splendid footwork, he says: "After a tiring day at the wicket, many members of the team find that a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a foot-bath takes out all tiredness and keeps the feet free from aches and pains. I, personally, have found 'Reudel Saltrates' extremely valuable in banishing foot pains and keeping the feet free from corns and painful, hard skin."

A D Nourse

H. B. Cameron, Vice-Captain of the South African Cricket Team, is also the wicket-keeper—some authorities say the finest in the world. Look at his batting average, too! He says: "When I first arrived in England, I was surprised to find that my feet caused me a good deal of trouble. Whether it was that the changeable climate affected them, I do not know, but I can tell you this—that a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a bowl of water drove away all pain and tiredness and made my feet feel fresh and fit. As you know, it is of paramount importance that a cricketer or athlete should not be handicapped by corns or foot troubles, and I can honestly say that 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' have worked wonders in my case, and have given me foot health and kept me on my toes."

H B Cameron

IF you suffer with your feet—if corns, callouses, or soreness and tiredness make every step a painful ordeal—you can quickly end your misery by taking a tip from those fine sportsmen, the South African cricketers. Get a packet of Reudel Bath Saltrates and put sufficient in a basin of hot water to make it milky white (*a sign that the water is triple-oxygenated and impregnated with special corn-loosening salts*). Rest your aching feet in this soothing foot bath. The oxygenated water brings instant relief. Special corn-loosening salts are carried to the roots of your corns so that they are loosened and come right out. If your feet are sore or tired from walking or standing all day, they will quickly feel cool, rested and soothed. *Thousands of foot-weary people have proved this true!*

'REUDEL BATH SALTRATES'

absolutely unequalled for all Foot Troubles. Sold only in YELLOW packets, 1/6 and 2/6

A DOCTOR SAYS: "I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' . . . I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it."
—J. ——, —M.D., O.B.E.

VERY IMPORTANT!
If quick relief from corns and foot troubles is desired, on no account must 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' be confused with bath salts, which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL,' and see you get the YELLOW packet. Reudel Bath Saltrates is now triple-oxygenated. That means the special corn-loosening salts are made three times as effective and act three times more quickly. Don't risk disappointment with bath salts and similar preparations, which do not, and cannot, give the same results; ask plainly for Reudel Bath Saltrates (pronounced ROO-DEL), and see you get the Yellow packet with the words "TRIPLE-OXYGENATED" across the front.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

(Pronounced ROO-DEL)

There are hundreds of different kinds of

SANDWICHES

and every one is good

—because

BREAD

is the basis of all of them

Eat plenty of

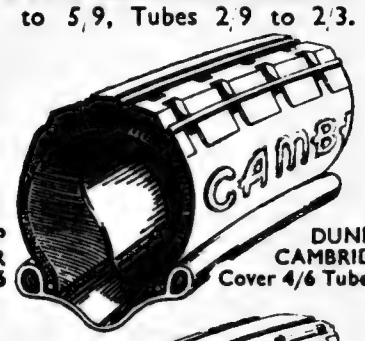
BREAD for ENERGY

C.F.H.106

It is better to buy— DUNLOP

There is a Dunlop Cycle Tyre to suit every requirement, and each one is the best you can buy at its price.
There are Roadster Tyres—from the World's Best, the Dunlop Fort at 8/6, Tube 3/- to the Invader, Scout or Cruiser, all 2/11, Tubes 1/3.
Dunlop Speed and Sports Tyres are the fastest and liveliest of their kind. Prices from 8/6 to 5/9, Tubes 2/9 to 2/3.

DUNLOP ROADSTER Cover 6/6 Tube 2/6



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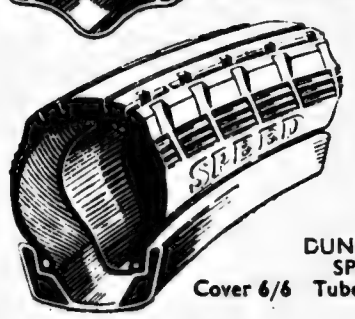

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PURE BEER FOR 1D PER PINT
REFRESHING & STIMULATING
SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD EASILY MADE AT HOME
FROM VIGGORMALT (REGD.)
PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF
RICH MALT & HOPS
simply add cold water
FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN
Get a SHILLING tin of VIGGORMALT to-day. 3 times quantity, 2/6 tin, from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops., Parkes, or any Store, Chemist or Grocer; or send P.O. or stamps for one shilling direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd., Dept. 7 D, Devigdor Road, Hove, Sussex. Postage extra for abroad

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FREE helpful booklet sent under plain cover.
G. S. MUMFORD & SONS,
168, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.

FREE! A Generous Sample of STAYMAT FACE POWDER
Your complexion can be the envy of all if you use Staymat Face Powder. No more greasy or shiny skins, but instead an adorable matt complexion. Prove it, free! A free generous trial supply will be forwarded to readers who fill in the coupon on page 26. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

My Eleventh Commandment

THE Bible exhorts us to love our neighbours, but this injunction is not always easy to obey. The worst type of neighbour is the one who poses as a friend, but in reality is little better than a "scrounger."

She borrows something daily, either in the way of food or cleaning materials, but never makes any return for them. Although conscious of being imposed upon, one dislikes causing friction by refusing.

Doors may be bolted against burglars, but for the purloiner masquerading as a friend I favour an eleventh commandment: "Thou shalt not borrow."
—*K. B., Liverpool.*

Stay In

"Thou shalt not sacrifice thy children to the god of Pleasure." Unfortunately, there is to-day a marked tendency among certain types of newly married couples to place pleasure in front of family responsibilities.

In order to satisfy a ceaseless craving for pictures or late dances the tiny baby is left unattended at home to face alone the childish horror of darkness.

What the eventual result of this neglect will be is matter for grave concern. — *"Happy Home-life," Wilts.*

Remember

Remember how natural and unassuming are the speeches of our Royal Family. Be natural; do not strive for effect, consciously posing for admiration. Such an attitude frequently gives rise to ridicule when the *poseur's* back is turned.

Let true refinement be cultivated by learning to appreciate the best in art, literature, and music; and by adapting yourself to the company in which you may be.—*J. M., Middlesex.*

Not Impossible

"Thou shalt be tolerant." The sins of intolerance are many. They lead to wars, exploitation, religious strife and so many other hateful things.

Intolerance is the force behind everything that bespatters human blood on the battlefield, it lurks in the mind of every minister who shuns another because he is of a different creed.

If tolerance on a world-wide scale were followed as I try to follow it, Utopia would not be an impossible dream.—*Mrs. I. R., Southwell.*

Consider Others

What more selfish habit can there be than to perpetually grouse over every little annoyance? When we suffer a real trouble we determine that when things improve we will not grumble again.

But immediately we find things going wrong again we grumble to those near by, often to those whom we esteem most, as if it is their duty to feel miserable over our own petty grievances.

The commandment, "Thou shalt not grumble," then, would teach us that others have troubles, and do not need *our* complaining to make them unhappy.—*B. C. M., Swansea.*

Avoid Them

No matter what one's ambition may be, whether for personal advancement or the common weal of humanity, one hears the reiterated cry of "It can't be done and only a fool would try it."

Those dismal discouragers must have held up a lot of good things, because many folk are influenced by their "can't be done" chorus.

Therefore, my eleventh commandment is, "Avoid the discouragers, for they are a pest."—*W. L., Wimbledon.*

Speak no Evil

In a shabby cottage lives an elderly lady driven eccentric by loneliness and a long-standing grief. Somewhere in Australia there is a man who went there, years ago, to forget.

She was pretty but proud; he full of high-spirited youth. There was a third person who was jealous. But for whispering tongues the two would have been man and wife.

My eleventh commandment is: "Don't start or spread mischievous gossip."—*W. M., Sussex.*

Cannot Retaliate

Under-manager of a big retail store, I should like to have my commandment displayed prominently for the especial perusal of the small minority of the public who abuse the power their purse gives them, by behaving churlishly to the assistants.

It is: "Thou shalt not take advantage of a man's dependence on his job."

I, like everyone else, am prone, at times, to reasonless irritability, but I keep my eleventh commandment, never venting my ill-humour upon people who, for their livelihood's sake, cannot retaliate.—*R. W., Brighton.*

Distressing

"Thou shalt not make any vulgar display of wealth."

That is my eleventh commandment. There is a certain section of society which delights in flaunting its wealth in the face of poverty. This, I contend, is a moral crime. A lavish expenditure on cocktail parties, balls and banquets is enough to distress an unemployed man.

Wealth should be used for the betterment of the community and not for personal aggrandisement.—*"Lower Ten," Hants.*

Play Up

"Thou shalt play the game." Due observance of this commandment in all our relations in life, whether in the individual, the community, or internationally, would remove or obviate many of the misunderstandings which are at the root of our troubles.

Grantland Rice expresses a thought which we would do well to follow as our guide in keeping this commandment:

"When the great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He'll ask not if you won or lost,
But how you played the game."
— *W. W., Gateshead.*

"Don't Worry"

As a cyclist I have noticed that many a hill which looks very forbidding at a distance resolves itself into a gentle gradient when one commences to climb it.

Similarly, most of life's obstacles have a way of assuming much less formidable proportions when one faces up to them and sets about overcoming them.

Hence, I have evolved a kind of philosophy, of which "Don't worry" is the keynote. I find that it works admirably, too, though one must be alive to the danger of allowing this outlook on life to degenerate into a blind faith in Providence.—*E. S., Surrey.*

Evening Round

"Don't waste water—you may require it" is my eleventh commandment. It is placarded on the local water cart.

In dozens of villages throughout the country the only water supply is from a pump on the green, which is often in danger of failing any day. And yet the townsman continues to go round his garden every evening with the watering-can.

It is high time that every home in the country had an adequate water supply and the question of building reservoirs must be considered by the Government and by every local council.—*R. C., Long Eaton.*

Wickedness

Superstition—to the amazing limits it is carried to-day—is an affront to Christianity's Founder.

To believe that ordained life can be swayed by black cats, hooting owls, picking up pins, or by a bat beating its wings against one's window, is sheer wickedness.

It does not say much for religion that highly cultivated minds succumb to such senseless tyranny, declining to sit thirteen at table, or live in a house bearing that number; resolutely refusing to walk under a ladder.

So, "Thou shalt not cherish or conceive any credulous belief."—*L. R. W., Exmouth.*

* * *

"Thou shalt not hurt another by word or deed or thought or look."—*M. H., Edgbaston.*

The ancient Greeks said that man had two ears and one mouth that he might hear twice and speak once. My eleventh commandment is, simply, "Hold your tongue."—*Mrs. H., Huddersfield.*

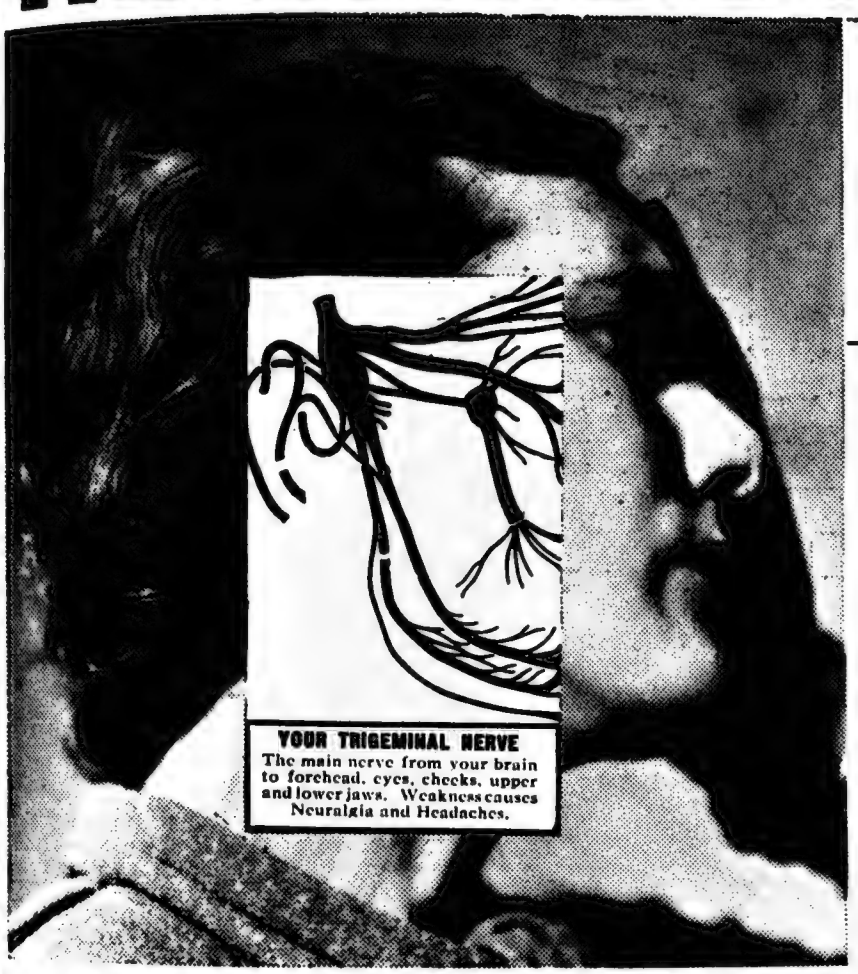
"Thou shalt not, by reason of thy wealth, position or knowledge, intimidate those of thy household, thy partner, thy servants or any child. For upon them that abuse the power committed to their hands shall fall the wrath of God."—*C. F. C., Kent.*

"Live and talk in your own house as you would if the town crier lived there, too!"—*Miss S., Wolverhampton.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, August 6.

The Law I'd Change

I thought it was EYE-STRAIN . . .
then found my HEAD PAINS
WERE CAUSED BY MY
TRIGEMINAL NERVE


YOUR TRIGEMINAL NERVE
The main nerve from your brain to forehead, eyes, cheeks, upper and lower jaws. Weakness causes Neuralgia and Headaches.

Read Her Letter!

"I used to wake in the mornings with splitting headaches. Sometimes they would go on all through the day, and I got to be a bundle of nerves. I thought it was eye-strain. I tried lots of remedies to deaden the pain, but though it was eased it always came back. Then my friend who is a nurse said it was my Trigeminal Nerve. I bought a bottle of Dr. Cassells, and took two tablets. I awoke next morning fresh and clear-headed. My nerves seemed steadier and the terrible shooting pains had disappeared. That was three weeks ago, and now, after only two bottles, my health is vastly improved. In fact, I have never felt better or happier!" Mrs. E. B. McG., London, S.E.1.

ANOTHER SUFFERER CONFIRMS DR. CASSELLS' AMAZING EFFICACY!

This was a clear case of Trigeminal Neuralgia. It would have been obvious to a Doctor. Her head pains were sharp, paroxysmal. This major nerve of her head and face was weak, inflamed—a symptom of fast approaching **Nervous Breakdown.** Then, in the nick of time, she learned the truth. She put away her unsuitable remedies. She started with Dr. Cassells—the Nerve Treatment which **Nourishes** and **Rebuilds** broken-down Nerves. The first few doses supplied what she needed most—sound, healthy sleep, and freedom from pain. Her **Nerves** grew strong, her **Blood** was refreshed, her **Appetite** restored.

Your Nerve in Weakness and Strength

Here you see two sections of nerve—the one on the left is shrivelled, inflamed. A nerve in this condition can give you unbearable pain. The right-hand section is well nourished, healthy, proof against shock.

EVERY INGREDIENT THE FINEST AVAILABLE

This result surprises no one who is familiar with Dr. Cassells Prescription. It is printed here for you to read. Every ingredient is the best known to medicine—a combination fully endorsed by Neurology, and freely given for the worst nervous disorders. Hundreds of thousands of other nerve sufferers have been completely restored. Read this formula and see why Dr. Cassells Tablets cannot fail to benefit you.

SACCHAR. CEREVIS.
Vitamin content promotes the development of muscular tissues and nerves, and improves general health.

KOLAE SEMINA
Possesses powerful tonic properties. Relieves pain at once. Acts as a cerebral stimulant; clears the brain, banishes depression.

SALICIN et PEPSIN
Salicin increases the flow of saliva and improves appetite; Pepsin increases the digestive power of the Gastric juices.

SOD. PHENOL-p-SULPH.
This ingredient keeps the entire digestive and intestinal tract sweet and cleans and purifies the blood.

IRON GLYCEROPHOS.
Improves nerve nutrition. Invaluable for the treatment of Chlorosis and other forms of Anæmia.

CALCIUM HYPOPHOS.
Assists in general nutrition. Helps to neutralise excess stomach acids.

MAN. et MAG. H. PHOS.
The first of these two ingredients is a powerful nerve stimulant; the second an antacid and laxative.

CALCIUM PHOSPHATE
Essential to healthy bone-building. Three-quarters of the mineral matter in your body is composed of this substance.

ALL THE NERVE FOODS BLOOD ENRICHERS AND DIGESTIVES YOU NEED!

FAIR-PLAY OFFER!

Buy a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. Keep the carton and if you are not entirely satisfied send it back to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, who will refund your 1/3 at once.

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

For HEAD PAINS, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, INDIGESTION, ANÆMIA AND NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

TO-DAY! Start a Course of
DR. CASSELLS TABLETS
BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

THIS WOMAN
—MRS. A. C. DICKS, NOW OF 191, LANSDOWNE RD., CARDIFF, IS ONE OF 71 COMPETITORS WHO HAVE WON "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD FIRST PRIZE OUTRIGHT. WHY SHOULDN'T YOU BE THE NEXT TO CAPTURE A LIFE PENSION, A FORTUNE AND FREE HOLIDAY?
NOW . . . WHAT ABOUT YOU?
£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE and £400 with £50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE This year and next
GREAT NEW 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PENSION FIRST PRIZE . . . OR £750 CASH
£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
BONUS AWARD value £2
A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope.
Unlimited SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.
TO BE RECEIVED DATE RESULT APPEARS IN "JOHN BULL"

HURRY up if you want one of JOHN BULL'S great 3-in-1 Holiday First Prizes! To-day's splendid First Prize would make a difference to your whole life, but you have only a few days in which to win it.

Beat all your rivals—as more than 70 entrants in JOHN BULL'S Crosswords have already done—and your huge reward for half an hour with the absorbing puzzle on this page may well be a Life Pension of £6 a month, £400 cash and a £50 Holiday Cheque this summer and next. Study those interesting clues carefully—you will find it easy to provide common-sense answers without a dictionary.

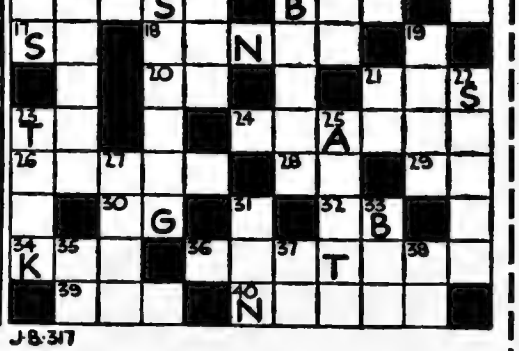
In addition to to-day's fine 3-in-1 First, the large sum of £150 has been set aside for Runners-up, amongst whom Bonus Awards value £2 will be distributed as announced. And for each sender of a Solution containing one error more than Runners-up there is waiting a useful Surprise Award with a £1 Bonus Offer.

Thursday, August 22, may well bring you a thrilling First Prize telegram from JOHN BULL, provided that your squares reach Long Acre by noon Thursday, August 15. Begin now on the puzzle which may bring you the blessings of a fortune and income for life.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £6 Monthly, £400 in Cash and a Holiday Cheque this year and next of £50 (or a lump sum of £750) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contests will be sent to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 22, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 29.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 317—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1935

J.B.317



J.B.317

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

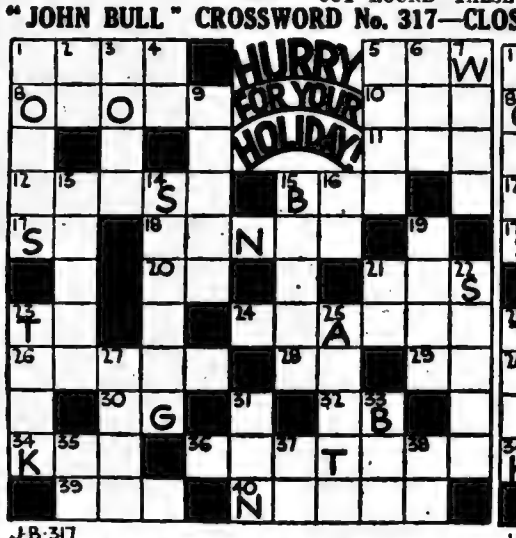
ADDRESS.....

.....

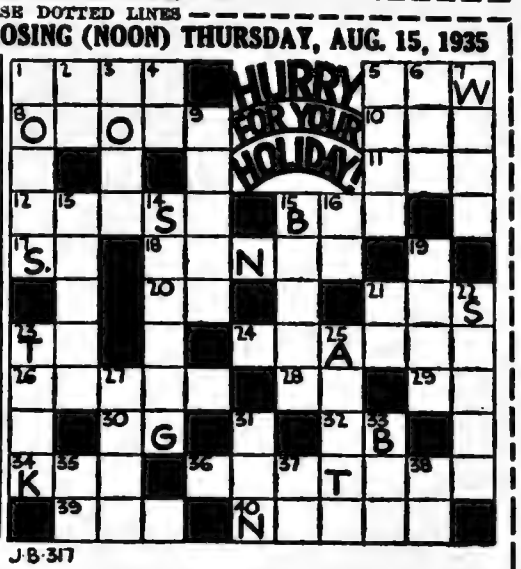
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 317—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1935



J.B.317



J.B.317

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING.

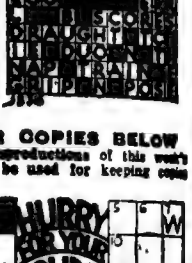
Free Help for X-word Entrants.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

Address Entry Thus:
"John Bull" Crossword No. 317, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

Solutions of "John Bull" X-Words Nos. 314 and 315

Winners in Crossword No. 314 appear on page 32. Winners in Crossword No. 315 will be published next week. The Solutions of "John Bull" Crosswords Nos. 314 and 315 are given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims for prizes are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

J.B.314



J.B.315

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Secret messages are usually sent in this
5. You may see it, going through wood
8. These are musical instruments
10. You get it at the end of lumbago
11. Last big one started in 1914
12. Plural of this
15. You can count the currants in station buffet one
17. Half sole and sold
18. He sings the high notes
20. Tail end of carp
21. Dentist puts you to sleep with
23. Nearly ten and half team
24. Riches, indeed
26. You're by yourself when you're this
28. Beginning of scone and in biscuit
29. Second and fourth vowels
30. These letters stand for no good
32. Headless cub
34. Orderly officer inspects this of soldier
36. Good ones are accustomed to hedging
39. Slum parson finds his task a real one
40. They're your wants

DOWN

1. Heavy ones make progress difficult
2. Bob cut shorter
3. Something given only in small quantities
4. Behead fee and see
5. Sounds come from wood when it is this
6. Little more than half again
7. Endless tramping finds unemployed this
9. Brings sack when working
13. Some have nowhere but this to call home
14. Dog may snap lead if it is this
15. May be hard to shut up
16. Keep to middle of turf
19. Superstitious people think luck depends on this
21. Growl without row
22. Women usually put fashionable ones on their feet
23. Maintaining water supply in desert entails a big one
25. Describes sharp angle
27. Preposition meaning upon
31. You get this for your money on switchback
33. You yawn when it is time for
35. They follow H
37. This part of tune is not quite new
38. Part of ears that never gets washed

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 15, 1935.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, entry square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 29, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, September 10, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £750 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

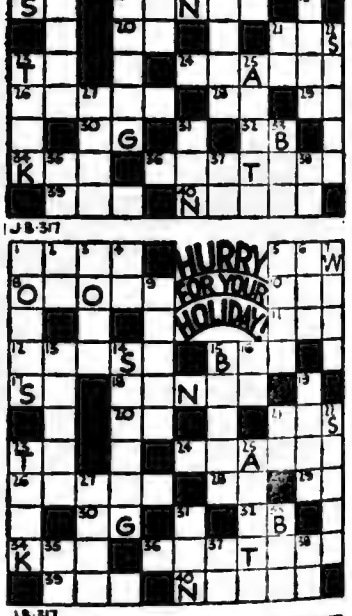
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE. A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharer's Newsagents.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J.B.317

HURRY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY!

J.B.317

HURRY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY!

J.B.317

HURRY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY!

J.B.317

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

J. K. (Dorking).—"A famous psychologist says that in this country when a crowded public vehicle stops, all talking stops, too." But not if it stops too long.

AVEL (Goole).—"I conducted a comic auction sale for charity." Lots of fun?

DOCTOR (Clapham).—"Irregulours have affected my health." You knocked up?

TATION (Exeter).—"Success in diving comes to those who persevere." They to go in for it properly.

L. (Northam).—"Many a poor man s the rich man's food." And many h man envies a poor man's appetite.

Y (Dulwich).—"There is no doubt t it, the modern girl is a live wire." some people think she's shocking.

L. (Romford).—"Locked windows t stop a burglar if he wants to get But bars will if he wants to get out.

H. (Lee).—"When it comes to spendhoney, you must admit we must hand the Government." Exactly.

J. B. (Greenwich).—"One very rarely es the street-corner bookmaker with lients." They just give him the slip.

J. (Poynton). When is the time to take annual holi- " Before ter day.

ODERN BOY ling).—"I can- see anything ng with the g generation." ess it's rising late.

A. (Hull).—"I a few discreet tions to my doctor about the state of health." You sounded him.

ATURALIST (Crawley).—"I wonder if know what sort of a life a glow- n lives?" A light one.

S. (Sevenoaks).—"The summer is the time for drill." Unless it's white l.

P. (Sutton).—"My son is bound to his swimming race." Would he not d a better chance if he were free?

ORIS (Westgate).—"What do you think pened when I threw a bucket of water my boy friend?" He cooled off dly.

F. G. (Littlehampton).—"Gunder manufacturing is looking up." re always has been a boom in exives.

OTORIST (Crieff). — "The average estrian is so sure of himself that when s knocked down he is amazed." Not ay positively stunned.

ED T. (Scarborough).—"If you were with one match, and had a fire, a stove and a pipe to ignite, which id you light first?" The match.

L. (Highgate).—"I've travelled the rld, but, believe me, London girls have prettiest ears in the world." But 're not outstanding.

N. (Hendon).—"What is the best rance against the colossal number of or accidents on Sunday afternoons?" Sunday afternoon nap.

W. (Exmouth).—"Once, when I was e, whilst pilfering from the pantry I cked down a big cake which smashed o.ts on the floor." Crumbs!

IKER (Leeds).—"I had to wait half an r in a village shop for cigarettes be- se a quantity of caramels had melted top of them." You couldn't get them toffee.

RICKETER (Mitcham).—"There was an demic of dropped catches in one of matches recently, but fortunately ything is all right again now." The demic wasn't catching?

ANAGER (Gloucester).—"My office is the top floor of the very building in ch twenty years ago I started in the ement as a clerk, and to what do I ribute my rise?" A lift?

OCTOR (New York).—"We Americans sider that one of the healthiest of times is to let rain beat on the bare y." In England this is known as sunhing.

M. (Brighton).—"When the pretty ess called out for help, I dashed along pier and plunged into the sea." tead of taking your place in the queue n the others?

ATEPAYER (Northampton).—"A counor I hated, and who was seeking election, called to solicit my vote, so t the dog on him." And he lost his ?

B. (Colchester).—"Take my tip and not indulge in too much sport on a day, as it will make you tired and table." Strenuous games such as leapare apt to put a middle-aged man's k up.

M. (Liverpool).—"A mountaineer ntly climbed over 20,000 feet in pitch kness." That's just what it feels like n you apologetically travel down a row of stalls to your seat in the ema.

THE KID

R. K. (Ruislip).—"I know a man whose wife has him on a piece of string." We'll bet she leads him a life.

POLITICIAN (Dover).—"I wonder what Napoleon would have been had he been alive to-day." Very old.

CURIOUS (Derby).—"If a man was run over by a steam-roller and survived, how would he feel, I wonder?" Out of shape, we imagine.

C. B. (York).—"It is difficult to find a charwoman nowadays." Even ours calls herself "a lady's help."

NOVICE (Haswell).—"What is a footfault at tennis?" What your opponent does when you fail to take his service.

S. B. (Norwich).—"A bald man doesn't like raising his hat on a chilly day." But he usually grins and bares it.

F. B. (Potters Bar).—"I wouldn't have my teeth attended to by a lady dentist." You think she would get on your nerves?

G. B. (Soho).—"You simply cannot make a square meal of tinned fruit." What about pineapple chunks?

T. W. S. (Bristol).—"I used to go to a secluded little spot for my summer holidays, but it modernised itself." So your retreat advanced.

D. L. (Edinburgh).—"How is it possible to keep from being a bore?" Just praise the person to whom you are talking.

C. K. (Totnes).—"Playing ball in the garden, my children knocked off the heads of dozens of my flowers." We bet you felt like knocking theirs off then.

NORMAN T. (Birmingham).—"I don't look forward to a long railway journey unless my back is to the engine." Then you can face it?

J. H. (Clacton).—"Do you know what my car will do on a gallon of petrol?" Start, splutter, buck, misfire and then stop!

W. B. (Rochester).—"Fish are silent creatures." That is so. But many land themselves into serious trouble through not keeping their mouths shut.

GARDENER (Sevenoaks).—"I am very proud of the light green foliage on my new variety of tomato plants." Later on, of course, you will want heavy red.

W. Y. (Evesham).—"What do you think I discovered when I removed the bandages from my face after being in a motoring accident?" Your face.

T. O. C. (Worcester).—"An artist showing his own water colours behaved very foolishly, I thought." In other words, he made an exhibition of himself.

W. S. (Bigbury).—"In my opinion a carpet chair is much more comfortable than a deck chair." It should take some beating.

N. S (Chiswick).—"I found when I had finished writing my letters that I had run out of envelopes." So you took a run out to get some?

BANK CLERK (Hampstead).—"The introduction of calculating machines has lowered our prestige." You scarcely count now.

C. H. C. (Putney).—"The neighbours look down on us, but they haven't a penny to bless themselves with." Well, if you want your own back, turn to page 35 and win £600 with a 100-mile Air Cruise round your neighbourhood—then you'll be able to look down on them.

DOCTOR (Harley Street).—"Some men redden very quickly when at the seaside." To avoid this make sure before teaching the pretty blonde to swim that the wife is nowhere in the vicinity.

J. R. T. (Ealing).—"The bull came charging at me across the field and I was really on the horns of a dilemma." Well, anyway, that was better than being on the horns of the bull.

DISAPPOINTED (Felixstowe).—"I used to use an aeroplane to travel about in, but I found that I could not afford to run it." You found the overhead expenses too heavy.

JIM (Bath).—"I have found that the course I took for increasing my height has benefited me enormously, for not only am I two inches taller, but it has increased my confidence considerably." In fact, you feel a bit above yourself?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

"Cream" away Superfluous Hair

Quick! Learn about the new toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in 3 minutes. *Never* have you known anything so easy.

'New Veet' it's called. It looks and feels and smells like a beauty cream. Apply it straight from the tube—wash off. Hair falls away. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

The razor method is prehistoric—out of date. So are old-fashioned nasty-smelling depilatories. New Veet is the newest of the new. If you are not positively delighted with it, your money refunded in full. Prices 6d. and 1/3d.

FIRST TIN FREE

IT WILL ONLY COST YOU ½d. STAMP.

Birley's is so astoundingly good that we ask you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE. All you need do is to send coupon in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope. We send 9d. tin free and post paid (for Free Trial only and not for Sale). It contains more than enough to prove it is the WORLD'S BEST remedy for INDIGESTION and its kindred ailments. Tasteless and harmless. THE PROVED REMEDY FOR

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN
BILIOUSNESS PALPITATION GASTRITIS

OF ALL CHEMISTS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- TINS.

Birley's is Tasteless, Harmless and British throughout.

COUPON 77

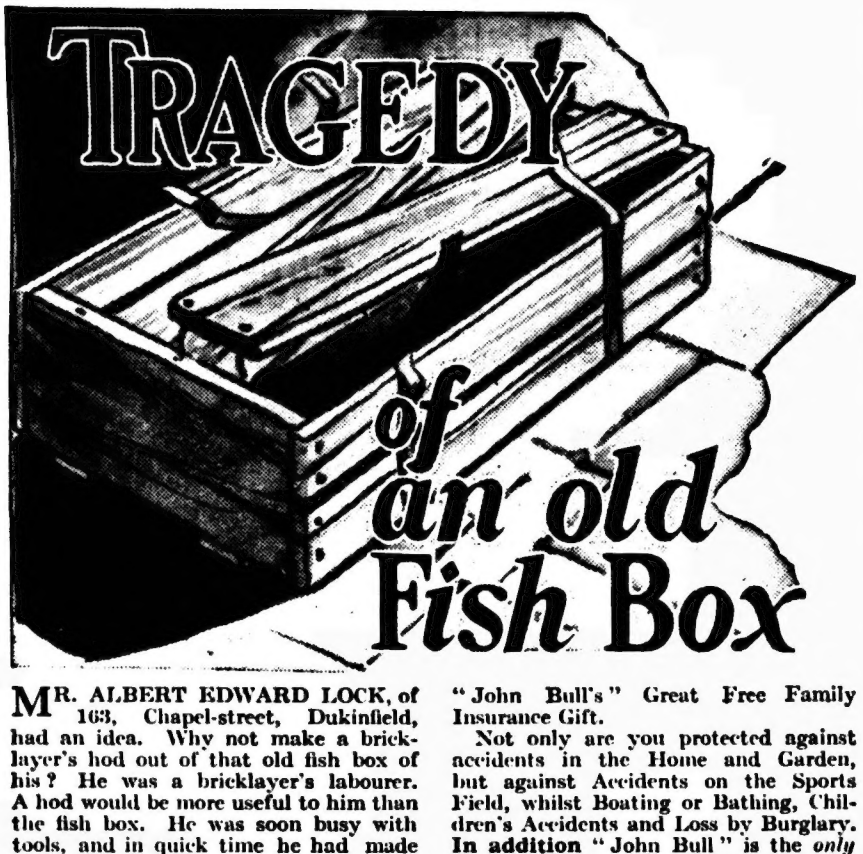
To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD.,
16-18, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1.

Please send FREE 9d. Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....
.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. Please write clearly.

Read what Famous Cricketers say about REUDEL BATH SALTRATES. Turn to p. 29 now!



MR. ALBERT EDWARD LOCK, of 163, Chapel-street, Dukinfield, had an idea. Why not make a bricklayer's hod out of that old fish box of his? He was a bricklayer's labourer. A hod would be more useful to him than the fish box. He was soon busy with tools, and in quick time he had made the hod.

Just over a week later he complained of his left thumb hurting him. It was very swollen. Then he told his wife that he had scratched it on a nail *whilst making the hod.*

He went to the doctor's and was ordered to hospital, where, despite every effort to save him, he died of blood poisoning.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE FOR WIDOW

"JOHN BULL'S" £55

Mr. Lock was a registered reader of "John Bull" and to his widow "John Bull" has hastened to send its expression of deepest sympathy together with a cheque for £55, which includes "John Bull's" unique 10 per cent. bonus which is added to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

Safeguard ***yourself*** and ***your*** family. Simply fill up the forms below for "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

Not only are you protected against accidents in the Home and Garden, but against Accidents on the Sports Field, whilst Boating or Bathing, Children's Accidents and Loss by Burglary. **In addition** "John Bull" is the *only* paper in the world to safeguard your home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, to pay generous Benefit for Sickness and to add a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to Benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers and their families continue to be covered by "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days.

The only condition is that in the event of an application arising they will be required to show that they purchased "John Bull" while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

Sign the forms below TO-DAY.

"John Bull"—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 10/8/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 10/8/35

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

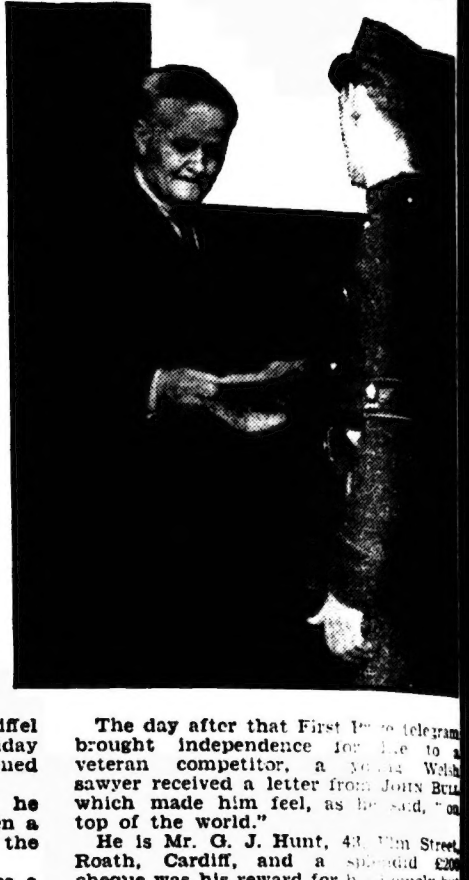
'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

DOCTOR'S TONIC arrives in a GOLDEN ENVELOPE

Interview with £3,250 Winner



Reading his thrilling Friday Telegram

SWINGING off his motor-cycle, a smart telegraph boy rang the bell at No. 61, Riffel Street, Cricklewood, the other Friday afternoon. A grey-haired man opened the door.

"Yes, Montgomery's the name," he said, looking puzzled at first and then a little worried as he fumbled with the golden envelope.

Soon I was inside the house, writes a JOHN BULL man, congratulating this kindly man of advancing years, Mr. W. Montgomery, who had won for himself the bewildering choice of either a Family World Cruise, with £1,000 cash and £6 Weekly Life Pension—or a huge lump sum of £3,250. This was his reward for heading *Bullets* 990th prize with his simple, but striking double-meaning effort, HUMANITY'S LIGHTHOUSE—SHOWS *All* "THE WAY."

"I took up *Bullets* when I finally retired about five and a half years ago," this former ship's doctor related, "but a single 2s. 6d. award was the only cash prize I had won before."

For reasons of health, this 65-year-old winner decided to accept the lump sum of £3,250 in place of the World Cruise, Cash and Pension. "During the last three lean years I have had the misfortune to lose practically all I had to depend on," he disclosed, "so this great victory has come at just the right moment. My wife is a helpless invalid; this success will be the best tonic in the world for her!"

The day after that First Prize telegram brought independence for life to a veteran competitor, a [illegible] Welsh sawyer received a letter from JOHN BULL which made him feel, as he said, "on top of the world."

He is Mr. G. J. Hunt, 43, [illegible] Street, Roath, Cardiff, and a splendid £200 cheque was his reward for his homely but well-phrased effort, AGAINST HER—"STUMBLED"—*Not* SORRY.

His Second Prize *Bullets* this young married man told JOHN BULL, was a tribute to his wife. "My mind went back to the days when I said 'Pleased to meet you,'" he recalled, "and the words *Not Sorry* seemed to tell the story of my life and countless others."

A real good holiday for his wife and small son, this winner decided, will be his celebration of this big success and the bulk of his prize-money will be banked for future use.

"Please convey my congratulations to the First Prize-winner," he sportingly concluded, "and tell him or her I feel proud to be so near the top of the prize-list!"

* * *

Soon a chorus of congratulations will be ringing in the ears of this week's winner of the £600 First. If you can stand such thrills of big success and the experience of having money in plenty to spend as you wish, see that you enter some *Bullets* for this fine contest.

JOIN THESE BIG WINNERS

"I am never without *Bullets Bulletin*," said Mr. W. Montgomery, the £3,250 winner in *Bullets* No. 990.

"I know of no shorter cut to the top," echoes Mr. G. J. Hunt, Second Prize-winner in that Contest. "My advice to beginners is, Get *Bullets Bulletin* and you'll get there!"

You can obtain this invaluable guide to the prize-list for its mere postage of one half-penny weekly! Fill up now the Reservation Coupon opposite and post it off at once, or enclose it with your *Bullets* entry.

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 991

First Prize—£500 and £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for Life

C. D. HOUSE, 11, Clifton Wood Road, Bristol.

Example: GOOD BOOK
Bullet: LIFE, DEDICATED TO *Friendless.*
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

T. MORTON, 2, Woodbine Terrace, Birtley, Co. Durham.

Example: Works Like Magic
Bullet: Feeling Down, Kneeling Down.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

R. SLOCOMBE, 2, New Bond Street Place, Bath.

Example: When Mother's Away
Bullet: Even Bed Gets "Hump"!

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: Mrs. M. REES, 23, Penylan Terrace, Cardiff.
Fine Testimonial—Wasn't Unfolded—Applicant "Crumpled."

£15: C. NICHOLLS, 4, Calverhall, Whitchurch, Salop.
Taking Off His Coat—Her "Raleigh," *Hearing* "Mud."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£10: Miss K. KAYE, c/o 209, New Hey Road, Oakes, Huddersfield.
Little Shrimp—"Lobster" Announced To Office.

£9 10s.: R. HOOK, 156, Ber Street, Norwich.
Day By The Sea—Mother's—"Wading" Through Snaps!

£9: H. BELSHAW, 15, Park Avenue, Barnoldswick.
Seaside Landlady—Billowy—But Bed Isn't!

£8 10s.: T. BURRELL, 43, Humberstone Road, Leicester.
Good Book—Turned *Up*, "Sheds Light."

£8: A. J. MACE, 91, Adelaide Road, Stockport.
Caught By The Tide—*First* "Difficulty" They Shared.

£7 10s.: Mrs. J. T. WILLIAMS, [illegible] Phillimore Road, Sheffield.
In The Way—War Memorial? [illegible]'s Way

£7: S. JENKINS, 69, Frenches [illegible] Road, Redhill, Surrey.
Our Island Home—Roof—"R A F"

£6 10s.: D. FORSYTH, "Vi[illegible]gh," Airth, by Falkirk
Fish And Chips—Limit, In "[illegible] Area."

£6: A. GRAY, 23, Industry R[illegible] Sheffield.
Good Book—In Soviet's Bad B[illegible]
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£5 10s.: G. COLLINS, 114, Dor[illegible]er Avenue, Glasgow.
Fine Testimonial!—To Honesty, [illegible] Ex-convict Sir!"

£5: Mrs. SMELLIE, 40, La[illegible] Street, Glasgow.
Once In A Blue Moon—Gene[illegible] Affect's Militarism's "Tide."

£4 10s.: A. BALFOUR, 13, [illegible]-burnham Gardens, Upminster.
Brown As A Berry—Landlady [illegible] Tablecloth—*Needing* Holiday!

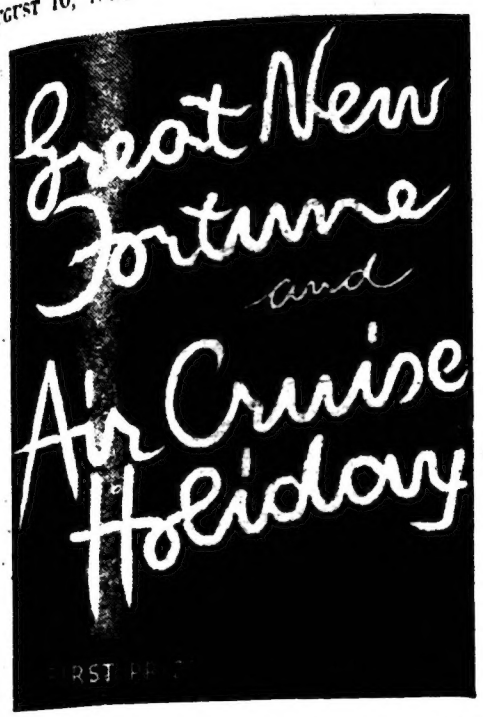
£4: A. BURY, 37, Albert Road, B[illegible]rnoldswick.
Caught By The Tide—Of Mili[illegible]n. Seeking "Caves."

£3 10s.: F. PATON, 2, Poplar C[illegible] Glasgow.
Taking Off His Coat—Musso[illegible] Thinking Cap, Too!

£3: N. J. FISHLOCK, c/o Mrs. S[illegible]nton, 11A Godstone Road, Purley.
Fish And Chips—Of Ice, Betrayed Anger!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 30 £2 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.



£600

Cash, plus 100-MILE AIR CRUISE for Four—Flying over your own home

Winner and party travel by car to nearest aerodrome to meet specially chartered Air Liner for a glorious hour's aerial tour of neighbouring beauty spots.

If preferred, extra £10 allowed in place of Air Cruise.

50 OTHER "BULLETS" HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£50	£25	£20	£15	£10
5 of £5	10 of £4	10 of £3	20 of £2·10s	

500 of 2/6 · 2,000 Red Seal 'Targets' · 8,000 'Targets'

500 FINE NEW HOLIDAY SURPRISE AWARDS

UP TO 50 CONTINUITY BONUSES each value over **£5**

ONE FOR EACH OF 50 CHIEF WINNERS THIS WEEK, EXCLUDING FIRST, FROM WHOM "JOHN BULL" RECEIVED AN ENTRY FOR LAST WEEK'S CONTEST "BULLETS" No. 994

This week only!

FINE FIRST AND 50 CHEQUES— ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN!

TO-DAY brings you almost the last huge batch of prizes in JOHN BULL's monster 1935 Holiday Campaign. See how a splendid 2-in-1 First Prize and a fine array of 50 big Holiday Cheques have been combined in this wonderful one-week offer! This week brings also your final opportunity to carry off a Continuity Bonus, value over £5

How would you like to see your own home from the air and, comfortably seated in a luxurious Air Liner, fly over the beauty spots of your neighbourhood? That will be the thrilling privilege of this week's First Prize-winner. And, after celebrating his or her triumph with this 100-mile Family Air Cruise, the winner will return home to enjoy all the blessings of a £600 fortune.

On Friday, August 30, JOHN BULL will be sending a Golden Telegram of congratulations to the winner of this novel 2-in-1 First Prize—and there is no reason why that joy wire should not come to *you*.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

READ slowly through the list of *Examples* and note down the rough ideas which occur to you. Next, develop those rough thoughts into *Bullets* by polishing their phrasing into winning style. Your finished efforts, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words with some apt and original bearing on the *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the *Example* IN DEEP WATERS. Your first rough comment might be *Rough Being Sold Worthless Shares.* This you could readily compress and improve into the finished *Bullet*, IN DEEP WATERS — CAUGHT BY SHAREPUSHER'S SPRAT."

To help you further, examine closely the winning *Bullets* on the previous page. With these winning styles fresh in your mind, go ahead with your efforts, remembering that they *must* reach the judges by Saturday, August 17.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

OVER EUROPE
TYRANNY
ALL READY
THEY'RE ON HOLIDAY, SO
IN DEEP WATERS
BABY'S SMILE
FULL OF MISCHIEF
MOTHER'S FAILING
FLATTERING
NO HAPPIER
WHEN SHE'S TIRED
LED BY THE NOSE
FOR A LARK
DIVING INTO HIS POCKETS
WITH A GULP
WHEN DAD WENT FLYING
TOO BIG FOR HIS BOOTS
DEADLY DUEL
UP ADVERSITY'S HILL
SANDY PAID AND
GOLDEN HARVEST
TIME TO TALK
HUNGER
"MOVE ALONG, PLEASE!"
SLUM KIDDIE
RUNNING THE SHOW
DAZZLING DISPLAY
HIDDEN HAND
WORK AND WORRY
EASY TO REMEMBER
CRIMINAL
FOR OUR GUIDANCE
LIKE AN ANGEL
ROOM FOR ALL
BLACK AND BLUE
TIT FOR TAT

48 FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords—Use this coupon!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette: I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back cover, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness, appropriateness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two entries may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £3,250 chosen by the First Prize winner in Competition No. 990 will be displayed in the window of Mr. B. Holbrough, Station Parade, Willesden Green, N.W.

ENTRY-FEE. Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(995) Closing SAT., Aug. 17	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(995) Closing SAT., Aug. 17	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(995) Closing SAT., Aug. 17	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(995) Closing SAT., Aug. 17	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 995 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 995, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"I WAS CHAINED TO THE HOUSE BY MY LEGS"

Don't Let Leg Troubles Cripple You!

How the Leg-Weary are Being Made Nimble and Active by The Wonderful New Biological Remedy—Elasto.

LEG pains soon cease when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and sores become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the **relief does seem magical**; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Crippled for Years by Phlebitis.

"I cannot praise Elasto too highly. Ever since my son was born, 14 years ago, I have suffered from Phlebitis, and have been through all sorts of agonising treatment, such as adhesive bandages, etc., with no effect whatever. Now, after taking Elasto for 3 months, my legs no longer ache after walking or standing and the swelling has all disappeared: in fact they seem quite normal. Your wonderful remedy has also cured me of cramp, from which I have suffered for years. I am indeed grateful and shall certainly recommend Elasto to my friends. Please make what use you like of this letter. (Signed) *Mrs. F. M. Carling.*

Elasto Cures Through The Blood!

Elasto, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood. Such troubles as varicose veins, varicose ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, phlebitis, thrombosis, heart troubles, poor blood, bad circulation, piles, prolapsus, varicocele, rheumatism, hardened arteries, and relaxed conditions in any part of the body are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment; to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, whether local or general, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto does this surely and effectively, with results that often appear miraculous.

The Blood Is Nature's Healer!

IN all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood-stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health must result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Wonderful Biological Remedy, is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. No Drugs; No Adhesive Bandages: Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Take Elasto for: **Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all troubles known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.**

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

"The Story of Elasto" is the title of an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation—*the real basis of sound health!*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full *activity Nature's own laws of healing.* Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets; *it dissolves instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood.* That explains the wonderful success of Elasto, which is not a drug, but a vital cell-food essential to health. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect. *Elasto saves you time, worry, suffering and expense.*

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering.
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years." Etc.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Beware of Imitations!

For all "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Great Biological Remedy

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the Great New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto ★
The Great Blood Revitaliser.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd.
(Dept. 15.B), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters*).
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....
.....
"John Bull," 10/8/35.

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

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A 140